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*LAYS OF THE
LAND OF THE
MAORI AND MOA*

THOMAS BRACKEN



FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
when a man shall die
And forget love
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

—R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of
Stanford Writing*, 1931

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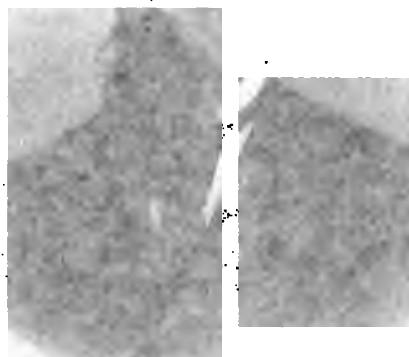
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B. Ogden-Smith.

LAYS OF THE LAND
OF THE
MAORI AND MOA.

BY

THOMAS BRACKEN,

Member of the House of Representatives, New Zealand;

AUTHOR OF "FLOWERS OF THE FREELANDS," "GOLDEN FOUNDATIONS,"
"ASLEEP IN THE FOREST," ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY THE REV. RUTHERFORD WADDELL, M.A.

London:

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ANSU866

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Dedication.



TO SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B.

Within a forest stood a grand old tree,
Whose head above the other plants rose high ;
He was the forest's first-born. Sun and sky
Had known him, and had smiled on him ere he
Had kinsfolk near, or leafy brethren nigh ;
The wild birds brought to him their minstrelsy ;
The singers knew that when the scene was rude,
He grew and gave a shelter to their race.
By him the wandering melodists were wooed
To trill and warble in that lonely place ;
A sanctuary in the solitude
He gave to them. In him the birds could trace
The forest's king, and so from hills and plains
They flew to him, and sang their sweetest strains.

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INTRODUCTION.

‘It may seem strange,’ says Walt Whitman, “but the topmost growth of a nation is its own born poetry.” The strangeness vanishes, when we remember that the best things—the things which last longest—are the latest born. When Nature wishes to produce her highest work she takes time; she will build up a mushroom in a night—perfect; but she must have years to build an apple or an oak: she sends out the bushy ephemera of a midsummer noon in a day, and they are all gone by the evening; but she spends thousands upon thousands of years before she can get the earth ready for man: but man is eternal. The individual man himself, indeed, is the most true image of her working plan: his least lasting and worthy qualities develop quickest—the body before the soul—the animal before the mental—the mental before the moral—the moral before the spiritual. The last to come are the permanent and abiding—they are worth all the rest. They are the goal to which all the rest are but subsidiary, though necessary, stages. And so it is with the poets and poetry of a people; they are the last products, because they are the best. They are created by, and make their appeal to, the highest elements of our humanity. They are the abiding “topmost growth” of a nation,

its flower and its fruit. This is history. Says Dr. Martineau: "Never do we more completely deceive ourselves, than when we imagine that the work of the understanding is durable, while that of our richer genius is evanescent; that the achievements of physical discovery are the fixed products of time, while the visions of poetry are but the adornments of a passing age. Of no nation, of no civilization, does the most advanced science remain true for us, while of none has the genuine poetry perished. Thales and Archimedes have been obsolete for centuries, while old Homer is fresh as ever, and delights the modern schoolboy only less than he did the Greek hero."

One is not, therefore, surprised to find that the younger nations—America and Australasia—have not as yet produced any poetry to which the title "own born" could be unhesitatingly applied. The conditions are not present. Before there can be a national literature, there must be a national character; and a national character, like an individual, is of slow growth and late maturity. Some might be disposed to question this judgment in regard to American literature. Some might be inclined to affirm that already a national literature is born there. My own opinion is that, with the doubtful exception of Walt Whitman, it is still a thing of the future. In regard to Australasia, however, it is different. We will all agree, I think, in saying that a national literature has not yet been created here—is, indeed, far from it. Of the reasons of this, beyond those already indicated, I need not say more in this place. But if one does

not find it yet, one must needs look for it—hope for it—work for it, if one can. No people can be great or good, can live or last, without its singers. Truly, if they are its final product, they are also its crown. Tons of iron and of copper, firkins of the best butter, and ship loads of frozen sheep : these are excellent. “ But after these, after the chemist, the geologist, the ethnologist, shall come the poet worthy that name ; the true son of God shall come singing his songs.” One, therefore, who wishes well and wealth to his nation will gladly welcome the first stray notes faintly heralding this approaching dawn. Here and there among us—dwellers in these sunny lands—a solitary singer has been heard. Victoria has its Gordon, and New South Wales its Kendal, and now New Zealand follows with Domett and Bracken. Mr. Bracken is not unknown to the public, but he deserves to be better and more widely known. Any one who is acquainted with the journalistic and other duties he has to perform, will readily understand that these are by no means congenial to the cultivation of the Muse. They have not killed his voice of song—could not, in truth, if he be a genuine poet. Nevertheless he is an illustration of Robert Browning’s words—

Touch him ne’er so lightly, into song he broke ;
Soil so quick receptive, not one feather seed,
Not one flower durs’t fall, but straight its fall awoke
Vitalizing virtue. Song would song succeed,
Sudden as spontaneous—prove a poet’s soul.

Some years ago Mr. Bracken published a small volume of poems. It was cordially and kindly received. This was owing in great part, no doubt,

to its inherent merits. But no one, I think, who compares the present with the preceding volume, can fail to notice a distinct advance on the part of the author. Dr. John Brown tells a story of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was taken one day by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and he looked it over with a keen and careful but favourable eye. "Capital composition, correct drawing, the colour and tone excellent; but—but—it wants, hang it! it wants—*that!*" snapping his fingers, and wanting that, though it had everything else, it was worth nothing. Now, I am far from saying that Mr. Bracken's former volume wanted "*that,*" but I am quite sure that this later one possesses it in a very high degree. There is about nearly every one of the poems in this volume that impalpable something, which we can neither define nor describe, but which, like all true poetry, takes captive the soul. This, I doubt not, the capable and candid reader will discover for himself. I need only for illustration refer to such poems as "A Christmas Reverie," to the very noble "Ode on the Opening of the Sydney Exhibition," and to "Old Bendigo," which reminds one of the best of Bret Harte. Mr. Bracken's genius seems to me essentially lyrical. He is always best here, and especially when he sings of love, and loss, and death. Witness the poem in memory of "Mrs. Darrell"—one of the finest in the volume, "Leah," and the sweetly pathetic "Pax Vobiscum." A very few of these poems have perhaps more of local than general interest, but Mr. Bracken shows that he can touch some of the higher heights and the deeper

depths of life as well. We have examples of this in "Annihilation," "Not Understood," and notably the profound sonnet, "The Bird and the Idol"—a sonnet which is not unworthy the master hand of Mrs. Browning or Rossetti. Lewis Morris has very truly said—

Most precious all ; yet this is sure,
The song that longest shall endure
Is simple, sweet, and pure.

And these songs of Mr. Bracken conform to this—they are simple in the original sense of that word. Many of them are sweet, and all are pure. They exhibit a high faith in God and Nature, and the "dear love of comradeship." Of course, one could easily pick out faults, but that may be left to those to whom hissing comes handier ; and it may be good for these to remember that after all hissing is the only sound in Nature that produces no echo. I quite agree with Principal Shairp where he says ("Aspects of Poetry") : "I am somewhat weary of criticism. We know the best of what she has to say, and would now beg of her to stand aside for a season, and give spontaneity its turn."

And so I stand aside from both critic and the reader, trusting that these "herald melodies of spring" from this sunny Southern Island may be to them, as in a very high degree they are to me,

Not all ungrateful to the ear.

RUTHERFORD WADDELL.

St. Andrew's Manse, Dunedin,
May 9th, 1883.

LAYS OF THE LAND

OF THE

MAORI AND MOA.

THE MARCH OF TE RAUPARAHA.¹

WITH the exception, perhaps, of the celebrated Ngapuhi chief, Hongi, no Maori warrior, during the present century, was the cause of so much bloodshed as the remarkable subject of the following poem. The Ngatittoa, of which Te Rauparaha was the head, occupied, for centuries, the beautiful country lying between Kawhia and Mokau on the western side of the North Island, and though insignificant in point of numbers, when compared with many of the leading tribes around them, they had long been celebrated for their prowess as warriors. About the year 1820, firearms began to be extensively used in native warfare, and the shrewd chief, Rauparaha, seeing the immense advantage which the lucky possessors of these destructive weapons had over their enemies, resolved to capture Kapita and the country around Wellington, in order to come into closer communica-

¹ Pronounced "Rouprah."

tion with the Pakeha traders, who at that time were importing muskets in large quantities from Sydney and England. He conceived the idea of invading the country, and he was strengthened in this resolve by a visit which he paid to Kapita in company with the renowned warrior, Tamati Waka Nene, who strongly urged him to undertake the expedition. Accordingly he mustered his whole tribe, numbering about 400, and left the land of his forefathers for ever. The scene at the setting out of the expedition was very affecting. The entire tribe gathered on the hill of Moetoa, and wept like children over Kawhia. A short time previous to this, Hape Tuarangi, chief of the Ngatirawkawa, appointed Rauparaha as his successor, his own sons refusing to take the lead ; and consequently this and some other tribes were allies, to some extent, of the Ngatittoa, and several of them took part in the expedition. The line of their march lay through Waitara, Hawaka, Taranaki, and Manawatu, at all of which places they fought and conquered, feasted and rested, sweeping hostile tribes before them in all directions, and making hundreds of slaves, whom they kept for their feasts on the march. After capturing Kapita and the surrounding country, Rauparaha directed his attention to the Middle Island, and invaded it with a strong band of warriors, who carried death and destruction before them. The siege of Kaiapoi, one of the bloodiest battles in the annals of Maori warfare, is still remembered by many of the Middle Island natives, and "Bloody Rauparaha's" memory is yet held in execration by them. A most interesting paper, entitled the "Life and

Times of Te Rauparaha," by W. T. L. Travers, F.L.S., will be found in the "Transactions of the New Zealand Institute, 1872," to which the author of the following poem is indebted for the information which suggested "The March of Te Rauparaha."

THE MARCH OF TE RAUPARAHA.

RAUPARAHA's war chant,
Rauparaha's fame song,
Rauparaha's story
Told on the harp strings,
Pakeha harp cords
Tuned by the stranger.

Mighty chief of the Ngatitoo,
Sprung from the hero, Hotorua,
First of the braves who left Hawaiki
Over the sea in the great Tainui,¹
Petrified now by thy shore, Kawhia.
Weird Tainui,
Tapu, Tapu,²
Tapu, long ere the pale pakeha
Came to the shrine, adored for ages,
Came to the shrine! oh desecration,
Prying into the things forbidden.

¹ The sacred canoe in which the first Maories came from Hawaiki or Hawea.

² Sacred, holy.

Moan the waves,
Moan the waves,
Moan the waves as they wash Tainui,
Moan the waters of dark Kawhia,
Moan the winds as they sweep the gorges,
Wafting the sad laments and wailings
Of the spirit that haunt the mountains—
Warrior souls, whose skeletons slumber
Down in the caverns, lonely and dreary,
Under the feet of the fierce volcano,
Under the slopes of the Awaroa !
Moan the winds,
Moan the winds,
Moan the winds, and waves, and waters,
Moan they over the ages vanished,
Moan they over the tombs of heroes,
Moan they over the mighty chieftains
Sprung from giants of far Hawaiki !
Moan they over the bones of Raka,
Moan they over the Rangatira
Toa, who founded the Ngatitoa !
Moan they over Wera Wera,
Sire of him,
Sire of him,
Sire of him they called Te Rauparaha !
Echoes of the craggy reeks,
Echoes of the rocky peaks,
Echoes of the gloomy caves,
Echoes of the moaning waves,
Echoes of the gorges deep,
Echoes of the winds that sweep
O'er Pirongia's summit steep,

Chant the Rangatira's praise,
Chant it in a thousand lays,
Chant the Rangatira's fame,
Chant the Rangatira's name,
Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha !

Sound his praises far and near,
For his spirit still is here
 Flying through the gusty shocks,
 When the sea-ghosts climb the rocks
Clad in foam shrouds, thick and pale,
Woven by the howling gale
 In the ocean's monster loom !
 Warp of green and weft of gloom
Woven into sheets of white
By the wizards of the night ;
Chant his name each ocean sprite,
 Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha !

No wild hero of romance,
Born in dreamy poet's trance,
 Cradled in some mythic fane,
 Built up in the minstrel's brain
On imagination's plan !—
No such hero was this man,
 He was flesh and blood and bone,
 Standing forth erect, alone,
 High above his fellows known !—
Hist'ry paints what he hath done,
Maori valour's bravest son—
 Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha !

Quick of eye and lithe of limb,
Warriors bent the knee to him !—
 Bold of heart and strong of hand,
 Formed to rule and to command !
Suckled on a breast that gave
Milk of heroes to the brave !—
 Richest fruit of Toa's seed,
 Scion of heroic breed,
 Born to conquer and to lead !
Strongest branch of noblest tree
From Hawaiki o'er the sea,
 Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha !

Wild as eagle, tame as dove,
Fierce in battle, fond in love,
 When Maroré, his young bride,
 For some sweeter relish sighed—
Some more dainty toothsome dish—
Than the Kumera³ and fish,
 Rushed he, with a chosen band,
 To the great Waikato's land,
And procured a relish sweet—
Raunga's flesh was tender meat—
Soon Maroré had a treat,
 Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha !

Mothers of Waikato wail,
Spearmen of Waikato quail,
 All the deeds that ye have done,
 All the glories ye have won,
 Pale 'fore Wera Wera's son !

³ Sweet Potato.

He is master of the field,
To his sway your homage yield,
He has tamed Waikato's pride,
To your whares run and hide !
Fly before his conqu'ring spears—
Bursts his war-cry on your ears,
Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha !

Te Taurangi, dying, said :
“ Who shall lead when I am dead ?
Who shall prove my people's might
On the war-path, in the fight ?
Will my sons not take my place,
Guard the honour of my race ? ”
Silent were the chiefs and men
The *Ariki*⁴ spake again :—
“ Who will now my station fill ? ”
All the chiefs were silent still !—
Cried a voice : “ I will, I will.”
Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha !

“ Listen to your chief, ye braves,
Kapita, by distant waves,
Where the pakeha's canoes
Laden with the fire-spears cruise,
Shall be *utu*⁵ for our dead !—
Valiant Waka Nené said—
As he there stood close by me
On the coast : ‘ Oh, Raha,⁶ see
That great people sailing free,

⁴ Head chief, First-born, Priest.

⁵ Reward, satisfaction.

⁶ Great, open, extended.

With your tribe to them draw nigh,
And your enemies shall fly.'"
Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha !

" Oh, my people, let us go
Where the distant waters flow,
Leave Kawhia unto those
Who no longer are our foes !
Great Te Wherowhero, stay,
Guard our land when we're away,
From Kapita's distant shore
To this land we'll come no more !
Bring our axes, mats, and spears,
Onward, onward, conquest cheers,
On Kawhia leave our tears,"
Te Rauparaha, Te Rauparaha !

Beneath the purple canopy of morn
That hung above Kawhia's placid sheet
Of waters crystalline, arose on high
The golden shield of God, on azure field,
With crimson tassels dipping in the sea !
And from its burnished face a shower of rays
Shot up the hills and gilt their spires and peaks
In lambent sheen, until the turrets seemed
Like precious ornaments of purest gold
On mighty altars raised by giant priests
In olden times, to offer sacred fire
As sacrifice unto the Fount of Light,
From whence the planets and the myriad stars
Drink their effulgence!

In the wild ravines
And gorges deep, the limpid babbling creeks
Sang matins, as they left their mother hills
To mingle in united waters, where
They lost their little selves, and merged in one
Pellucid flood that gathered stronger life
From day to day ! as God's great Human Church,
Now building on the earth, shall gather all
The little sects and creeds and small beliefs
That split mankind into a thousand parts,
And merge them in one universal flood
Of boundless charity.

The dazzling points
Of morning's lances pierced the bursting hearts
Of all the flow'rets on the fertile slopes,
And waked the red Kowhai's drops from sleep,
And shook the dew-beads from the Rata's lids,
Until its blossoms opened up their breasts
And gave their fragrance to the early breeze
That played among the Koromiko's leaves,
And stole the rich Tawhiri's sweet perfume,
And strung the flax-leaves into merry tune
To woo the Bell-bird from his nest, to ring
The Tui up to sing his morning hymns.
The scene was made for man, not savage man,
The cunningest of brutes, the crafty king
Of beasts ! but Man, the Spiritualized,
With all the light of knowledge in his brain,
And all the light of love within his heart !
And yet they were but savages who stood
On Moeatoa's hill, above the scene,
Mere savages, a step beyond the brute !

But still there were bright sparks of God-lit fire
Within their breasts ! they loved their native vales
With heart and soul ! for they had hearts and souls
Far nobler than some milk-faced races who
Have basked 'neath Calv'ry's sun for ages long,
And yet lie grov'ling in the nation's rear,
With hearts encased in earth too coarse and hard
For Calv'ry's glorious light to penetrate.
Poor savages that Orient had not yet
Shed its benignant rays upon their souls,
To melt the dross that dragged them down to earth
In carnal bonds ! they knew not yet the road
To reach the standard of their better selves.
Yet they were men in all save this ! brave men
With patriots' hearts, for as they stood and gazed
O'er fair Kawhia's waters, hills and vales
That stretched unto the sea, o'er which their sires
In ages past sailed from Hawaiki's shores,
The tears ran down their tatooed cheeks, and sobs
Welled from their bosoms, for they loved the land
With all the love intense a Maori feels
For childhood's home ! The hist'ry of their tribe
Was written there on every rock and hill
That sentinelled the scene, for these had known
Their deeds of prowess, and their fathers' deeds
Of valour ! And the caverns held the bones
Of those from whom they'd sprung ! Their legends
wild,
And weird traditions, chained them to the place,
And ere they burst those links of love, they gave
A long sad look on each familiar spot
And wailed above Kawhia's lovely vale.

“ Oh ! Kawhia, remain,
Cavern, gorge, and bay,
Valley and hill and plain,
We are going away.

“ Oh ! Kawhia, remain,
Take our tears and our sighs ;
Spirits of heroes slain,
Rise up from Reinga,⁷ rise.

“ Oh ! Kawhia, remain,
With thee, Tawhaki,⁸ stay,
Long may he o'er thee reign—
We are going away.”

“ Enough, enough of childish grief,
Ready, ready for the fray,
March behind your mighty chief,
Chant aloud the battle-lay.

“ Away, away with tears and sighs,
Water stains the warrior's eyes,
Conquest is the hero's prize,
Te Rauparaha is here.

“ Away, away with sighs and tears,
Raise your war-cry, point your spears,
Onward, onward, vict'ry cheers,
Te Rauparaha is here.

⁷ Abode of departed spirits.

⁸ A hero god.

“ Away, away each plaintive wail,
Only cowards whine and quail,
Sniff we blood upon the gale,
Te Rauparaha is here.

“ Warriors march, warriors march,
On, on, on to Kapita.
Pillage and slay,
Away and away,
On, on, on to Kapita.

“ Warriors march, warriors march,
On, on, on to Kapita.
Scour every plain,
Feast on the slain,
On, on, on to Kapita.”

March the warriors ahead,
Conquest in their fiery eyes,
Haughty Tutakara's dead,
Ngatimaniapoto flies !
False Te Wherowhero's band,
Left to guard Kawhia's land,
Steal like robbers in the night,
Steal like dogs upon the brave !
Ha ! they're vanquished in the fight,
Crushed beneath the hero's might ;
Cries their chief—“ Oh, Raha, save
My people ! ” False Waikato, run,
Dim not Ngatitoo's sun !
Ho ! the feast has now begun,
Heroes, sit ye down and eat,
This Waikato flesh is sweet.

By the banks of Taupo's flood
Valiant Whatanui stays !
Whatanui's words are good,
Speaks he in our chieftain's praise.
 Taranaki's hills are passed,
 The Waitot'ra's reached at last.
Now our Rangatira reigns
Lord of Wanganui's plains.

Treach'rous Muapoko sends
Greetings unto Rauparaha—
" Raha, we are faithful friends,
Come, oh come, unto our Pa,
 You can take and you can use
 Muapoko's war canoes."
See base Toheriro creeps
 From the wharè where the chief,
Unsuspecting, dreams and sleeps.
 Ha ! he wakes, and madly leaps
Through the darkness ; shriek and wail
 Tell to him the bloody tale
Of his slaughtered kinsmen ! grief
 Fills the hero's bosom. Ho !
 Traitor dogs, ye soon shall know
What it is to thus betray
 Ngatitoe's chief ; your foe
He is now by night and day.
 Soon your leader's bones shall bleach
White by Rangitiki's flood :
 Let your women scream and screech,
Ngatitoe claims your blood !

Vengeance now, Waipata falls,
Vengeance now, Waikeikei's walls
Tumble ! bursting breach on breach,
Ngatitoa's warriors rush,
Red with vict'ry's crimson flush.

Ngatitoa rules supreme,
Kapita is conquered now—
Do I sleep, or do I dream ?
See ! a thousand axes gleam,
And a thousand spears, I trow,
Held in strong avenging hands,
Point to Ngatitoa's bands.
Wanganui's warriors strong,
Turakina's spearmen bold,
Sweep like hurricane along
With Patea's men, enrolled
With Waipounam't's ⁹ fierce throng,
To uproot usurping power.
Luckless day and luckless hour
That ye met, and dared to face
Ngatitoa's conq'ring race.
Waierowa's stream is red
With the life-springs of your dead ;
Waierowa's beach is strewn
With the bodies of your slain—
Rauparaha shall rule alone,
Victory is his again !
Make the song of triumph known,
Till the hills give back refrain.

⁹ Middle Island.

“The sea rushed up with plunging shocks,
 Kapai !¹ Rauparaha !
To claim the land and beat the rocks,
 Kapai ! Rauparaha !
The rocks stood firm and broke the waves ;
So stood the Ngatitooa braves—
Ngatitooa's foes are slaves,
 Kapai ! Rauparaha !

“The stars came out to match the sun,
 Kapai ! Rauparaha !
To claim the crown that he had won,
 Kapai ! Rauparaha !
The sun shot forth its brightest rays,
And quenched the stars in fiery blaze ;
Then chant the Ngatitooa's praise,
 Kapai ! Rauparaha !

“The Tuis came the Hawk to kill,
 Kapai ! Rauparaha !
And yet the Hawk is living still,
 Kapai ! Rauparaha !
The Hawk can soar, the Hawk can fight—
The Tuis tried to stay his flight—
The Hawk shall have a feast to-night,
 Kapai ! Rauparaha !”

The conqueror's red eyes are now fixed on the distant
coast,
For news has reached the victor's ears of Rerawhaka's
boast,

¹ Good.

That he, with tooth of shark, would rip Te Rauparaha
in twain.
The hero cannot rest until this braggart chief is
slain.
The war canoes are ready, and the warriors are
here ;
From Rangitoto, flushed with pride, to Kaikoura
they steer.
Three hundred braves have landed, and sweep upon
their foes,
As fiercely as the cataracts fed by Mount Una's
snows
Sweep wild through Spencer's mountain cleft, and
down through Ada's vale !
The dying shrieks in chorus harsh are borne upon
the gale.
Te Rauparaha has waded deep in boastful foemen's
gore,
And Rerawhaka's bones shall bleach on far Kapita's
shore.
Full fourteen hundred victims have been conquered
in the fray—
The *Niho Manga*² shall be famed in legend and in
lay
For evermore, for there was tamed proud Rerawhaka's
pride ;
But Kaiapoi is defended still, and strongly fortified—
Te Pehi has been slaughtered within its treacherous
walls—
The Ngatitoa cannot rest until base Kaiapoi falls.

² Battle of the Shark's tooth.

Fierce and fast, fierce and fast
Rush the Ngatitoa men,
Now the outer works they've passed—
Now they're beaten back again.

Bullets fly, bullets fly,³
Valiant men of battle fall,
Still the force within defy
Ngatitoa, chief and all.

Through the swamp, through the swamp
Comes Taiaroa to their aid ;
Rush the outposts, fire the camp,
Burn each fence and palisade.

Through the fire and through the smoke,
Swiftly Ngatitoa broke
With a scream and a yell ;
And the glare and the flare
Of the fire-tongues in the air,
Flung a demoniac light
On the horrors of the fight ;
And the children in affright,
And the women in despair,
Shrieked for mercy, but in vain.
And the blazing timbers threw
A ghastly lurid hue
On the wounded and the slain.
And as the fierce light gleamed
On the warriors, they seemed

³ Muskets and other European weapons were used at the siege of Kaiapoi.

Like fiends unloosed from hell.
A struggle, fierce and short,
And the keepers of the fort
Were slaughtered for the feast,
And the red sun in the west
Went down as Kaipaoi fell.

“Tangi,⁴ tangi o’er the dead,
Kapai ! Rauparaha !
Make the ovens hot and red,
Kapai ! Rauparaha !
Death, and bondage, and disgrace
Come to all who dare to face
Ngatitoa’s conq’ring race,
Kapai ! Rauparaha !

“Slaves should have but little words,
Kapai ! Rauparaha !
Little songs for little birds,
Kapai ! Rauparaha !
Little Tuis should not try
With their little wings to fly
Where the Hawk is perched on high,
Kapai ! Rauparaha !

“Come, O sea ! and don’t refuse
Kapai ! Rauparaha !
Treasure-laden war canoes,
Kapai ! Rauparaha !
All are conquered, all is won,
Wera Wera’s mighty son
Rauparaha’s great march is done,
Kapai ! Rauparaha !’

⁴ Shout, cry

WAIPOUNAMUTU.

UP northwards, near Waikato's spreading plains,
A crystal mirror shimmers 'mong the hills,
And sunbeams dance upon its breast to strains
Of forest music ; bell-birds, tuis, rills,
All blend their voices with the magic sounds
The whisp'ring reeds and rushes softly make,
Where playful wood-sprites have their pleasure-grounds,
When Spring is young and Summer is awake ;
Volcanic giants, born of fire and flood,
As guardians stand around the calm retreat
When all the scene is tinted with the blood
Of dying day, then is the silver sheet
O'erlaid with nameless glories,—then the bloom
Of korimiko groves seems richer, and aglow
The rata flushes, and the sweet perfume,
That floats from where the rich tawhirris grow,
Embalms the sunset treasures as they fall
And melt upon the lake's clear bosom deep,
When twilight's tints are stealing over all,
And o'er the waters weird-like shadows creep ;
When all the changeful colours of the eve—
Pink, violet, and purple—fade away,
With crimson, gold and amber, but to leave
The scene enwrapp'd in folds of sombre grey.
Oh, lovely, lucid lake ! how few who know
The story that is thine ! for few intrude

Upon thy stillness ; thy sad tale of woe
Hath made thee now a sacred solitude.
From Pakeha defiler thou art free—
Thy nameless beauties he hath never known ;
The Maori's mana¹ still is over thee :
Sweet solitude, he claims thee as his own.
But why shouldst thou be Tapu²? why shouldst thou
Hide all thy beauties, all thy splendid charms ?
Why should the Pakeha, with spade and plough,
Not change thy woodlands into smiling farms ?
Give up thy secret—say what strange romance
Hangs over thee, Waipounamutu ? Ah !
Methinks I see fierce braves, with spears, advance
Unto thy peaceful shores from distant Pa.
“Revenge ! Revenge !” and “Blood !” these are
their cries.
I know thy story now—a tale of grief—
A narrative of sorrows and of sighs ;
'Twas thus I heard it from an aged chief :

A summer's night—the witching noon—
The big, round, ripe, uncovered moon
Displays her form in full ; her light
Streams down in showers of silver bright
On lakes, and bays, and river floods,
And brooks that wander through the woods ;
But brighter than on other streams
She spreads to-night her silver beams
On broad Waikato—famed in song—
The nurse of heroes fierce and strong—

¹ Sway.² Sacred.

The cradle of ten thousand braves,—
Tawhaki,² guard thy swelling waves !
At least, to-night, Tawhaki, we
Look up and pray for help from thee.
To-night Waikato's waters bear
A noble freight ; and who shall dare
To stay Te Raupa's swift canoe ?
See ! how he works his paddle true,
And toils as if it were a race
For life. Behold ! he turns his face—
His eagle eyes are gazing back
As if some foe were on his track.
What can his hurried glances bode ?
Te Raupa has a precious load—
Maroti's only daughter. See !
She stands beside her warrior ! he
Has risked his life—impulsive youth—
To prove his love ; his soul, in truth,
Was wedded unto hers for years.
But, heedless of her sighs and tears,
Her sire, Maroti, heartless stood—
He hated all her lover's brood—
And swore that if her brave came nigh
His whare, lovers both should die.
But Love's fierce passion, warm and true,
Will urge a man to dare and do
Deeds which, in calmer times, would seem
Impossible. Oh ! precious dream
Of transient joy and nameless bliss,
The ecstasy of one sweet kiss

² A powerful god.

From lips we prize sets all aglow
The god-sparks in our frames, and so
The narrow self within us dies,
And nobler inspirations rise ;
We live in those we love, and they
Exist in us—ray blends with ray—
Till one rich beam illumines two clods
With all the fire of all the gods.
Te Raupa's love was quenchless; he
Adored the fond Kearoa ; she
Look'd up to him, her heart's first lord—
The god she worshipp'd and adored.
Nay, Pakeha, turn not away
In scornful pity ; do not say
That love like hers was vile and vain,
And worship such as hers profane.
The gods her fathers bowed to sank
In all that graces godhead's rank
To nothingness when placed beside
Her youthful chief—her joy and pride.
He fear'd not danger, knew not fear ;
And, to secure a prize so dear,
He scal'd her father's Pa, and caught
His loved one in his arms, and brought
Her safely o'er the fortress stakes
Unnoticed ; then, through swamps and brakes,
They reached the river's edge, where lay
His swift canoe, and then away
The youthful lovers floated free
Upon the river's breast ; and we
Are watching their approach. They speed
By slender rush and plumed reed,

of the Maori and Moa.

And now the noble warrior steers
Into a wooded bend. "What, tears,
Kearoa? do not weep nor sigh;
Our journey soon shall end, and I
Shall give to thee a home so fair
That spirits up in Reinga⁴ there
Shall envy thee, my soul, my life,
Rich blossom of my hope, sweet wife.
All that I have, and all I hold,
Shall there be thine; now let me fold
Thy matchless form unto my heart,
To kiss away the pearls that start
From those deep, lustrous orbs of thine.
There, there! I've dried them; do not pine;
Thy father's love is cold compared
To that within my breast. I've dared
The terrors of his Pa for thee;
Come, come, my own love, lean on me.
Our swift canoe within this nook
We'll leave, and then up yonder brook
A little way a track there lies
Well known to me; I'll bear my prize
Along it till we reach a glade
Where echoes die and shadows fade;
From thence a lovely valley bends
Its arm around the hills, and trends
In graceful beauty to a lake,
Where waves and woods their music make,
Till leaves and ripples dance with glee
To Nature's magic minstrelsy.

⁴ Heaven.

From thence 'tis but a little pace
Unto the dwellings of my race ;
Within my father's Pa, my sweet,
There thou shalt find a safe retreat ;—
So come, Kearoa."

Then he raised
Her shapely form ; she fondly gazed
With tender glance upon her chief,
For love had conquered fear and grief ;
And with a graceful spring the pair
Leap'd on the velvet bank, and there
They sealed again, with one more kiss,
Their holy union. Love like this
Deserves a future fair ; but Fate
Is cold and wayward oft, and hate—
Cold heartless monster—often strives
To cast a blight on loving lives.
But lo ! the moon looks sad and pale
Through boughs and branches down the vale ;
Kearoa and her chief have gone,
And we are here, alone, alone.

* * * * *

The shadows have vanished, the woods are awake
With matin and carol, with lyric and lay ;
The boughs and the branches and wild blossoms
shake

Their pearly perfumes on the lashes of day—
Those fringes of gold that sweep down from the east
To brush off the dew-beads. The hills are aglow
With showers of sunbeams. Oh, glorious feast !
The treasures of morning above and below

Are scattered profusely, and bountiful earth
Displays all her charms, while her creatures rejoice ;
Calm Waipounamutu, a morning of mirth
Is rising o'er thee ;—From thy shore floats a
voice :—

“ Morning on the mountains,
Brilliant on the fountains,
Dazzling in the distance, sparkling in the sun,
Dashing down the ledges,
Leaping through the sedges,
Scattering their diamond spray around them as they
run.

“ See ! the lake is dreaming,
While the rays are streaming,
Dancing on its bosom ; love of mine, awake !
Long hast thou been sleeping,
Watch have I been keeping ;
Spirit of my spirit, rise, and look upon the lake ! ”

'Twas thus Te Raupa sang above
The sleeping form of his dear love,
Kearoa's strength had failed ere dawn,
So, seeking out a sheltered lawn
Beside the water's edge, he made
A couch for her, and gently laid
The lovely maiden there to rest,
Her head reclining on his breast.
His father's Pa was still away
Beyond the hills, where rose the day
To gild Waipounamutu's flood.
Kearoa wakes. “ Ah ! kind and good,

Hast thou been keeping watch o'er me ?
I have been dreaming, love, of thee ;
And in my dream methought that I
Heard mocking kakas wail and cry
Above thy corse, and o'er thy bier ;
The hungry cormorants were near ;
And close by thee my father stood,
His hands died purple in thy blood.
Oh ! love, it was a fearful sight."
Te Raupa laughed. " This childish fright
Is but the outcome of a dream ;
Come, smile, my sweet."

A fierce wild scream
Was heard among the bushes. " Save
Thyself and me ! " The startled brave
Sprang to his feet. " Too late, too late,
Son of a treach'rous dog ; thy fate
Is in my hands, and thou shalt die.
Stand where thou art—thou canst not fly,
For see, my warriors are here,
Surrounding thee with axe and spear."
Te Raupa stood entrapped—no chance
To 'scape, but one : his eagle glance
Fell on the lake, upon whose bank
The plumèd reeds grew thick and rank.
He whispered, " To my body cling,
Kearoa." Then, with one wild spring,
He leaped with her into the flood.
The warriors in amazement stood
A few short seconds, then they flew
Along the banks, and madly threw
Their vengeful spears into the waves

Where sank the pair. The baffled braves,
Athirst for blood, plunged headlong in ;
Kearoa's father and his kin
Dived downwards, and swam round the spot
Again and then again, but not
Upon the lake a single trace
Could there be found of form or face,
Except their own ; and all that day
They searched, but searched in vain, and they
Returned to tell the wondrous tale
To all their people. Many a wail
Of sorrow for Kearoa's fate
Was heard for years, and even hate
Paled into pity for the youth
Who nobly proved his love and truth
For that sweet maiden.

Stranger yet
The sequel seems :—When night has set
Her sable-silver lunar trace
On calm Waipounamutu's face,
A swift canoe is seen to glide
With sweep majestic o'er the tide ;
And in that strange and weird canoe
Kearoa and her lover true
Are seated. Kaka feathers red
Bedeck the youthful hero's head ;
A heron's plume of snowy white—
The badge and emblem of his right—
Waves also o'er that noble brow ;
And warriors, when they see him, bow,
And cry for great Tawhaki's aid.
Kearoa, too, that queenly maid,

Looks through the night with lustrous eyes
That shame the planets in the skies ;
So bright are they, so full of fire,
That gazers feel a strange desire
To bask 'neath them upon the waves
For ever as love's faithful slaves.
But those who, when the moon is round,
Have heard the weird melodious sound
That floats across the lake at night,
Become bewildered with delight.
The spirit-lovers' voices ring
In strains sublime as thus they sing :—

“ Hope is fair,
Truth is rare—
Souls united cannot sever ;
Hope may die,
Truth may fly—
Love lives on for ever.

“ Faith seems sure,
Honour pure—
Wedded souls are parted never ;
Faith may shake,
Honour break—
Love lives on for ever.

“ Friends may range,
Friendships change,
Heroes die in vain endeavour ;
Only love,
Born above,
Lives and moves for ever.”

M'GILLVIRAY'S DREAM.

A FOREST-RANGER'S STORY.

JUST nineteen long years, Jack, have passed o'er my
shoulders
Since close to this spot we lay waiting the foe ;
Ay, here is the mound where brave Percival moulders,
And yonder's the place where poor Norman lies
low ;
'Twas only a skirmish—just eight of our number
Were stretch'd on the sward when the fighting was
done ;
We scooped out their beds, and we left them to
slumber,
The bold-hearted fellows went down with the sun.
The month was October—young Summer was peep-
ing
Through evergreen forests where Spring, still
supreme,
Spread all the rich tints that she had in her keeping
On tree, shrub, and bush, while each brooklet and
stream
With babblings of joy ran along to the river—
But, hang it, old man, I am going too far ;
I talk as I used to when from Cupid's quiver
Flew darts of affection my bosom to scar.

I'm not much at poetry, Jack, though I've written
Some nonsense in verse when my heart was aglow
With what they call love—have you ever been smitten
By some artful minx who deceived you? What,
No?

By Jove, you've been lucky; but, Jack, I'm digressing.

Our quarters were here, under Lusk, and we made
Our camp in the church without asking a blessing;

This place is still known as the Mauku Stockade.¹

I'd fought with Von Tempsky along the Waikato;

I'd seen the green banks of that fair river dyed
With British blood, red as the plumes of the rata
When Spring scatters scarlet drops thick in her
pride.

I cared not for danger, and fighting was pleasure,

The life of a Ranger was one of romance—

A dare-devil fool ever ready to measure

A savage's length with my rifle. 'Twas chance

That sent me among them; I liv'd but for glory;

My comrades were all of good mettle and true,

And one was a hero; I'll tell you his story—

God rest poor M'Gillviray—brave-hearted Hugh!

I knew him for years, Jack, and shoulder to shoulder

He stood by me often when swift leaden hail

Whizzed close to our ears. Ah! old man, I was
bolder

In those valiant days than I'm now. To my
tale:—

¹ On October 23rd, 1863, a skirmish took place at Mauku Stockade, in which the subject of this poem and seven others were killed.

The morning was gloomy, and Hugh sat beside me ;
We'd chumm'd in together for two years or more ;
I found him a brick, and he said when he tried me
In front of the foe, " Bill, you're true to the core ! "
Enough, we were friends, and in trouble or danger
We stuck by each other in camp and in fray.
How often we find in the breast of a stranger
The heart of a kind brother throbbing away
With warmest affection, responsive and tender—
Hugh's breast had a tenant like this, and I knew
In him I'd a brother, a friend, a defender,
Prepared for whatever a brave man might do.
The morning was dark, and the outlook was dreary ;
I noticed my comrade was sitting alone,
All thoughtful, disconsolate, pallid, and weary,
" Why, where has the gladness of yesterday flown ?

Come, tell me, Hugh, why you are gloomy this
morning ;
What change has come over my light-hearted
mate ?
You've not"—and I laughed—" had a Banshee's
death-warning ;
Have Brownies or Goblins been sealing your fate ? "
He turned his pale face, while his eyes, full of sorrow,
Met mine, and it seemed like the gaze of the dead ;
I spoke once again : " Hugh, we'll meet them to-
morrow,
Fierce Rewi is coming this way." Then he said—
" Why am I sad ? Ah ! comrade kind,
We cannot tell why shadows fall

Across the soul and o'er the mind ;
We cannot tell why dreams recall
Old scenes endear'd by mem'ry's spell,
Old haunts where love and sorrow met,
Old spots where airy castles fell,
And hope's young sun for ever set ;
We cannot tell why thought should leap
Across the ocean's wide expanse,
And through the telescope of sleep
Review the dead years at a glance ;
We cannot tell—— But why should I
Philosophize ? We know we're here,
And for the wherefore and the why,
That problem suits the sage and seer,
But not the soldier. Listen, mate—
I'm not a coward, for I've stood
Full face to face with death, and fate
Has led me safe through scenes of blood ;
But now my hour is drawing nigh,
Life's battle now is nearly done,
For me to-morrow's arching sky
Shall canopy no rising sun."

"Why, comrade, you but jest," I said ;
"You shouldn't joke with me, you know ;
To-morrow's sun shall shine o'erhead,
And see us watching for the foe."

"Nay, comrade, we must part to-day,
A hand has beckon'd through the gloom,
And signalled me away, away
To brighter realms beyond the tomb ;

You smile and count me as a slave
Of superstition—be it so ;
My vision stretches o'er the grave ;
I travel where you cannot go.
Ah ! friend, you were not nursed beneath
The Highland hills, where every glen
Is filled with those who've conquer'd death —
Is tenanted with ghosts of men.
Ah ! friend, your feet have never trod
The mighty Bens, whose sunmits grim
Approach the starry gates of God,
Where heaven grows bright and earth gets
dim.
The legendary lore that clings
Round Highland hearts you have not felt,
Nor yet the weird imaginings
Which stir the spirit of the Celt.
Well, hear my story—listen, pray,
And I'll explain why I am sad
And in a downcast mood to-day.
You smile again and deem me mad,—
Last night I was again a boy
Light-hearted 'mong my native hills,
Fill'd with a bright, ecstatic joy,
And pure as my own mountain rills ;
I stood beneath old Monagh Leagh,²
Nor far from rugged Dumnaglass,
And in the distance I could see
Wild Farracagh's romantic Pass ;

² The grey mountain.

A monarch proud, a youthful king,
Alone with nature there I stood,
At peace with God and everything,
For all His works seemed fair and good ;
But best and fairest of them all
Was she who came to meet me there,—
I little thought dreams could recall
Those silken waves of sunny hair,
That tender smile, those eyes of blue,
The magic of whose flashing glance
Inflamed my soul with love, and threw
A glamour round me ;—joyous trance !
We met last night just as of old,
And Elsie nestled by my side,
While playing with each tress of gold
I whispered, ‘ Lassie, be my bride.’
The sweet soft answer came—why dwell
On that dear moment of delight ?
Our heaven was in that Highland dell,
Where all seemed beautiful and bright.
We parted, and my dreaming soul
On fancy’s pinions forward flew
O’er five short years, and reached the goal
That love and hope had kept in view.
Oh, joyous day ! a merry throng
Were gathered on the Clachan green,
The villagers, with dance and song,
Held jubilee ; that happy scene
Is treasured in my memory still.
I hold again that little hand ;
I hear the whispered word, ‘ I will !’
I lead her through that cheerful band,

While Donald Beg,³ and Fergus Mohr,⁴
And Angus Dhu⁵—the pipers three—
Strike up, while marching on before,
The pibroch of M'Gillviray.
Oh ! how the wild notes brought a flood
Of mem'ries bright and glories gone,
When, for the Royal Stuart blood,
Our chief led great Clan Chatton⁶ on
To famed Culloden's field ;—'Tis past,
That marriage scene with all its charms ;
And winter comes with freezing blast,
To find my young wife in my arms,
And all the villagers in tears
Assembled round us—she was gone ;
The prize was mine a few short years,
And I was now alone, alone.
Oh ! what had I to live for then ?
One clasp, one look, one fond caress,
And flying far from each proud Ben,
With sorrow deep as dark Loch Ness,
I left my humble Highland home,
To gaze on Monagh Leagh no more.
With blighted heart I crossed the foam
And landed on New Zealand's shore ;
You know the rest——”

“ But what has all
This home-sick dreaming got to do
With death, my friend ? ”

³ Little Donald.

⁴ Big Fergus.

⁵ Black Angus.

⁶ A M'Gillviray led the Clan Macintosh, or Clan Chatton, at Culloden.

“I’ve got a call
To meet my Elsie.”

“Nonsense, Hugh !”
I laughed, but still his brow was sad,
“Cheer up and chase this gloom away,
There’s pleasure yet in life, my lad.”

“I tell you we must part to-day ;
I have not told you all that passed
Before me in my dreaming hours.
This day, with you, shall be my last.
True friendship, Bill, has long been ours,
And we must part in love, my friend,—
You smile again—well, time will prove
My premonition true ;—The end
Is drawing nigh ;—Behold my love,
My life, my Elsie, on yon hill,—
Ay, yonder hill is Monagh Leagh—
Just listen, friend, she’s calling still,
And still the dear one beckons me
Away—the sun upon the peaks
Is blushing crimson o’er the snow.
Behold ! how bright its rays and streaks
Are dancing on Loch Ness below ;
Rich violet and purple clouds
A tabernacle form on high,
Behind whose folds the starry crowds
Lie hidden in the silent sky—
’Tis there, ’tis there, the same fond face,
Which, but a few short hours ago,
Pressed close to mine ; just in this place

My Elsie stood, and, bending low,
She whispered in an icy breath,
'Oh! Hugh, behold thy spirit-bride.
•I'm here for thee; prepare for death.
Thy soul to-morrow, by my side,
Shall trace the scenes we loved of yore.
Again, my Hugh, my husband brave,
We'll watch the Highland eagle soar;
We'll see the heath and bracken waves.
Ah! Hugh, the spirit sight is keen;
We cross the ocean with a glance;
We know not time——' She left the scene,
And I awakened from my trance;
But let us change the subject, mate;
Let's have a smoke;—Hark! there's a shot—
One, two, three, four! we mustn't wait—
Where are our rifles?—Ah! we've got
The darkies now. See, see, they dance
Before our eyes; hear how they yell!
There goes the order for advance—
There's Norman out and Percival."

M'Gillviray ceased, and we ran to the door,
Prepared to advance where our officers led;
Both Hill and O'Beirne were well to the fore,
While Norman and Percival rushed on ahead.
Flash! flash! went our rifles; we followed their
track,
And in through a gap in the timber we broke;
We fired again, and they answered us back—
The rebels, I mean—as they plunged through the
smoke.

"Now back to the camp, lads; we've scattered the swine;

They've tasted enough of our metal to-day!"

Twas Percival spoke, and we fell into line,

And back through the break in the bush took our way.

We reached but the centre, when out from the bush

That skirted each side with its branches and logs

The Maoris in crowds, with a yell and a rush,

Encompassed us:—"Boys, give the treacherous dogs

A taste of our true British pluck!" a wild cry,

As a tomahawk's stroke cut the sentence in twain,

Went in through the woodlands and up to the sky,

And Percival lay in the front of the slain.

Oh God! in my ears still rings yell after yell.

I see the bright tomahawks dripping with blood;

The wild demons looked as if painted in hell;

They leaped through the thicket and burst from the wood.

Outflanked and outnumbered, our officers dead,

A handful of men in the grasp of the foe,

What could we have done in such stress? so we fled

When Norman and Wheeler and Hill were laid low.

We reached the old church, but the savages stay'd

To butcher the wounded and mangle the slain;

They vanished ere night in the forest's dark shade,

To steer their canoes o'er Waikato again.

At daybreak we went to the scene of the fray,

To bury our comrades and bid them adieu,

And near a small mound where five savages lay,

We found brave M'Gillviray sleeping there too.

Five warrior chiefs proved the work he had done ;
They fell by his hand ere his soul went to God ;
He smiled in the face of the bright morning sun
That shone on the purple streaks o'er the green
sod.

I planted a wattle to mark where he sleeps—
I wonder where is it?—Ah, there stands the tree !
By Jove, it's in blossom too ! see how it weeps
Rich tears of bright gold o'er the hillock where he
Is resting in peace. Is he dreaming there still
Of Elsie, his bride, and his dear Highland glen ?
This life is a puzzle, Jack ; fight as we will,
We're nothing at last but the shadows of men.
The substance soon blends with the blossoms and
weeds

That spring to the surface ; and as for the soul,
Perhaps it may flourish or fade in its deeds,
Or find in some other bright planet its goal.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE.

(SYDNEY EXHIBITION, 1879.)

Room for another nation ! in the van,
Among the foremost pioneers that climb
The steeps of progress, where the goal of Man
Illumes the highest pinnacle of time.

Room for another nation ! young and strong,
Among the heralds of the coming Light,
Whose rays shall thaw the frost of ancient wrong,
Until it flows in streams of future right.

Room for another nation ! Britain leads
Her sunny daughter 'mong her proudest peers ;
Robed in the glories of her heroes' deeds
She reaps the harvest of a thousand years.

Advance, advance ! and bid the nations draw
Around the standard of the sheaf and fleece,
And sacred symbol of the higher law—
Our charter for this Jubilee of Peace.

Send out our greetings on the whisp'ring string
That links our shores to countries far away ;
Speak to the distant lands, and bid them bring
Rich garlands for our victory to-day.

The married oceans leap for joy, and bear
Upon their heaving breasts fleet after fleet ;
To-day our Father hears a *living* prayer
For peace eternal, where the Nations meet.

To-day the spirits of our valiant sires
Start into life above their island graves ;
Their noblest aspirations and desires
Are blossoming by broad Pacific's waves ;

The kingly souls who spread the precious seed
Of future glory for our royal race,
When Freedom was baptized at Runnymede,
Are here to-day before us, face to face.

Ay, here to-day, though not in mortal cage,
Each valiant victor leaves his dust behind,
And wears the spirit-youth of Fame's old age—
We see them through the mirror of the mind.

Bold planters of that noble British tree,
Beneath whose shade our greatness had its birth ;
That tree whose roots have grown, through land and sea,
To bear new trunks at either end of earth !

Can we forget the architects who laid
The firm foundations of our Parent State ?
Can we forget the noble men who made
A breach for Justice, and for Truth a gate ?

Ah, no ! For at the base they toiled that we
Might reach the apex when the work was done ;
They lived and died to build an Empire free
That knows no rising and no setting sun.

An Empire built of Nations, young and old,
Which gather round the central heart, and cling
In unity together, and enfold
Earth's swelling bodice in a golden ring.

Immortal shades of More and Raleigh rise !
Behold the Past is to the Present wed ;
Utopia is here 'neath southern skies,
And gleamy El Dorado looms ahead.

They were not dreamers, but prophetic seers,
Whose lance-like sight cut through the ages' gloom,
And pierced the vista of the coming years,
Beholding lands where all their hopes should bloom.

O bondless brothers ! since the pulse of time
Beat with primeval throbs, no land hath known
Such fulness of God's love as this our clime ;
His richest gifts are all our own, our own.

Our fathers' swords and spears are treasured still—
In Freedom's white-cliffed citadels afar ;—
Strong scythes and sickles that have cleared the hill
Where Peace ascends above the gulf of War.

They're treasured still, with honour and with pride,
For all the sheaves of glory garnered when
Light fought with Darkness in the crimson tide,
And wrestled for the sinking souls of men.

They're treasured still, but only for the past :
A gentler era brings us brighter arms ;
" Plowshare " and " pruning-hook " are here at last,
Our battlefields to-day are fertile farms.

Our weapons win from waste field after field,
Ours is the chivalry of manly toil ;
Our squadrons make hill, plain, and valley yield
The welcome fatness of the fruitful soil.

Our bold detachments, sweeping o'er the plain,
Sing songs of triumph as they reap and mow
The gold-plumed myriads of nodding grain,
Which fall and die, that men may live and grow.

Our martial music is the thresher's drum,
The engine's shriek and whistle, and the din
Of stirring workshops, and the busy hum
Of those who toil their daily bread to win ;

The whizzing fly-wheel, and the sledge's swing,
That wakes the anvil's clear and cheerful tones ;
The shuttle's clatter and the hammer's ring ;
The mason's chisel fashioning the stones ;

The buzz of commerce in the city's hive ;
The fresh young merry voices in the school ;
The clanging press that keeps men's thoughts
alive—

Such is the music of Progression's rule.

To this we owe our Universal Mart—
Oh ! never, never, may such music cease ;
To this we spread abroad our country's chart,
And chant her story in a song of peace :—

Three centuries have scarcely rolled along
The slopes of time, since on the Dutchman's view
The golden sun-burst of the south streamed down

On shores that stretched athwart the placid sheen
Of Father Neptune's unexplored domains.
Three centuries have still their fragments here,
Which are not wrapp'd for aye in hist'ry's fold,
Since first the swarthy Spaniard doffed his cap,
Whilst gazing on the starry cross that hung
In speckless azure o'er the looming land
Of peace and plenty in the sunny South.
But not for Spain nor Holland was the prize
Reserved by God : His hand, which ever works
For future good, possessed the promised land,
And held it for His special pioneers—
A race of noble races, formed to rule,
And build up nations for mankind at large.
Years followed years adown the stream of time,
And silence slept in undisturbed repose
Above the virgin plains and forests, where
The wealth of future millions lay concealed ;
And o'er the Cyclop-browed Plutonic rocks
Which frown'd above Pacific's heaving breast
Repelling her approaches, flinging back
Her white-robed arms which stretched forth to
 embrace
The stony-hearted offspring of her womb,
The sea birds held dominion undisturbed.
At length the time arrived for opening up
The treasures where Nature long had stored
The fruitage ripe of her prolific prime ;
And God sent forth a man to break the spell,
And wake the sunny virgin from her trance.
O day of days ! when first the British flag—
That silken shield of Justice—waved on high

Above the peaceful coast, to consecrate
Our giant island for the use of man ;
O day of days ! when first a British cheer
Resounded far and wide 'mong vales and hills,
Proclaiming the foundation of a State,
The birthday of an Empire ;

Day of days !

When on our shores that prince of British tars,
Immortal Cook, stood forth in England's name,
And claimed the mighty continent for her.
But not for her alone did Heaven grant
This glorious gift. No, England ! 'twas but thine
To hold in trust for millions yet unborn,
And thou wert but the stewardess of God.
Years followed years, and fleet sailed after fleet,
Freighted with hearts of oak across the deep ;—
The bravest men and women of our race—
The sturdy Saxon and the gen'rous Celt—
Sought room to breathe a purer, fresher air,
And found that room beyond the Central Line,
Where gorgeous sunsets sink in evening's lap
And melt in golden dreams on ocean's breast.
Years followed years, and soon the mighty pulse
Of life, and love, and happiness, and hope
Began to throb throughout the wilds and wastes,
Till these, transformed, became the sunny scenes
Of bright-browed labour.

Peace and plenty spread
Their blessings far and wide, with Wisdom's wand ;
Progression's spirit, permeating all,
Burst into fluent floods of brilliant light,
Dispelling all the shadows of the land.

Spring changed her dress of ages, and appeared
In new-made robes of rich and varied hues ;
The fresh wild fragrance of her golden groves
Of bright acacias blended on the breeze
With all the perfumes of each exiled rose
That clustered round the happy homesteads, where
The hardy husbandmen had cast their lots.
On Summer's cheeks there spread a fuller bloom,
And ere she fell asleep in Autumn's arms,
The goddess Ceres, robed in rustling dress
Of laughing sheaves, moved proudly o'er the scene.
The wond'ring savage, from the murky gloom,
Beheld the strange transition, filled with awe ;
And fearless of its swarthy hunter now
The startled kangaroo turn'd in its flight,
And sat a moment near his dusky foe
To gaze upon the new intruders who
Invaded their dominions. O'er the plain
The frightened emu swiftly fled afar ;
And swarms of rainbow-plumaged paroquets
Flew through the leafy corridors to trill
Their chatt'ring wonder to the stoic bird,—
That wing'd philosopher who laughs at change
And all things else with weird and mocking laugh.
Again, again years followed years, and lo !
A grander transformation meets our gaze :
Earth yields the golden magnet hidden long
Within the deep recesses of her womb,
And tens of thousands of the noblest hearts
That ever beat in British breasts are drawn
Across the swelling sea-slopes to our shores.
Proud cities spring to life, and mansions rise

Where stillness erst had slumbered o'er the land ;
White fleets of stately ships sleep on our bays,
Whose placid waters lap the sloping lawns
That stoop to blend their green with Ocean's blue.
Still em'rals, drowned in sapphires, dance beneath
Translucent diamonds show'ring from the sun ;
In lucid mirror crystalline the hills
Behold their forms in richest verdure robed,
And see their breeze-stirr'd orange plumes displayed ;

Upon the warmest sunspots of the slopes,
Umbrageous vines in love together cling,
And shake their amber and their purple drops
In all the pride of culture and of wealth ;
Behind the sea-girt terraces and tiers
Of swelling uplands stretch broad plains and meads,
Where flocks and herds are browsing in the flush
Of mellow beams that woo the verdure forth
And suck the floral sweetness of the earth.
Adown the valleys and athwart the tracts
Of plain and forest rush the whizzing trains,
Bearing the fruits of industry and toil
Unto the giant market-place within
The Empire City of the Golden South.
Oh, grand fulfilment of our fathers' hopes !
The prophet's visions and the poet's dreams
Are realized to day ; triumphant Peace
Within her Southern Palace sits enthroned,
And all the nations bow before her shrine,
And turn away from crimson-mantled War,
Who hides his savage face, for very shame,
Behind the crumbling ruins of the past,

Beyond the oceans which he dare not leap
To stain the land where Concord rules supreme.
Proud Sydney ! it is thine to take the lead
Of all thy sisters in the noble work
Of rearing up a fane to commerce, where
True emulation in the arts of peace
Holds sovereign sway, where competition springs
With all the spirit of our forward age,
Which marches onward in the common cause
To reach the possibilities of man :
'Tis thine to gather up the living thoughts
Of master minds, that shape themselves in Art ;
'Tis thine to spur on Science in the race,
And thine to spin the intellectual threads
Which by-and-by will hold in silken skeins
The scattered peoples of the Earth, and weave
Them altogether in a web of love.
To-day, to-day we hear thee sending forth
The shout of welcome to the world at large ;
To-day thy voice proclaims to every land,
Great Austral's golden jubilee of peace ;
And in response the nations all advance
To hail the greater Cambria, and sing
Her praises in a chorus of acclaim :—

“ Honour and peace to thee,
May they increase to thee,
Spreading new blessings round liberty's shrine ;
Greatness of name to thee,
Glory and fame to thee,
Lovely young land of the orange and vine.

“ Plenty’s prolific streams,
Melted by golden beams,
Flow from thy bosom in freshness, and shine
Bright where thy sunny skies
Up from the sea arise,
Arching the land of the orange and vine.

“ Hail to thy healthy heart !
Here, in thy mighty mart,
Meet me together to-day, to entwine
Wreaths round thy royal brow,
Queen of Pacific, thou
Lovely young land of the orange and vine.”

Now, now the noble gates of human effort are ajar,
And through their open portals sweep the squadrons
from afar ;
Progression holds a festival beneath our speckless
skies,
Where competition gathers all the wealth of enter-
prise ;
The ripe fruition of the brain, the triumph of the will,
Spring into life mechanical through scientific skill ;
Before the rays of intellect the clouds of error flee ;
The sun of knowledge shines upon our Golden
Jubilee.

Now, now upon the Bay of Bays the gallant ships
advance ;
The triple cross of Britain and the triple bars of
France ;
The flags of Lusitania, Italia, and Spain ;
The standard of Germania, the ensign of the Dane ;

The colours of the Austrian, the Swiss, the Swede,
the Slave ;
The Hollander and Belgian, the Greek and Moslem
wave
Above the noble floating forts of commerce on the
sea—
Europa sends her offerings to our Golden Jubilee.

Our sun-burst gilds the crimson stripes and galaxy of
stars
That float in silken majesty above the stately spars,
And through the groves of tap'ring masts our balmy
breezes steal
To kiss the flag of Mexico, the banner of Brazil,
The streamers of Bolivia, of Chili, of Peru,
And all the young Republics of Iberia the New.
To-day, to-day proud Sydney is the magnet of the
free ;
She draws the states together in her Golden Jubilee.

The East, where God first gave our race the compass
and the chart
To guide it through the ages to our Universal Mart,
Mind's highest, latest terminus upon the wondrous
plan
That maps our journey upward to the destiny of
Man,—
The East pays tribute at the shrine of Progress, and
demands
Bright niches in our temple for the riches of her
lands ;

And even Afric', from the rear, leaps forward now
with glee
To offer up her homage at our Golden Jubilee.

And all the young Democracies within our Empire's
folds
Display their wealth, and closer cling around their
Mother old;
They honour us to honour her—the fount from
whence they've sprung—
Truth, Freedom, Peace, and Commerce speak our
Anglo-Saxon tongue.
And now their clear-toned voices blend in unison and
pray
For blessings on the harvest which they've garnered
here to-day.
O Father of the Universe! we offer it to Thee,
Great Lord of light, and love, make this Thy
Golden Jubilee!

IN THE TEMPLE.

"ARISE ! arise from thy sluggish dreams,"
Softly whispered my soul unto me ;
" Bountiful Nature her treasure teems
Over wood, mountain, valley and lea ;
Earth has opened her pores to the sun,
Health and wealth through her arteries run ;—
Arise ! let us go to the Temple.

" The priestess, Spring, on her altars green,
Glorifies God in her morning dress ;
Nature, attired in vernal sheen,
Leads up her child to the sun's caress ;
God is breathing through her on the hills,
His voice is heard through the brooks and rills ;—
Arise ! let us go to the Temple.

" Others may look for the Light above,
Through narrow cages of wood and stone,
Cabined within from the rays of Love ;
Up on the hills we're nearer the Throne.
This is the Sabbath, and I am free,"
Softly whispered my soul unto me,
" *Arise ! let us go to the Temple.*"

AT MATINS.

I followed my spirit up the steps of the mighty
altars,

 Draped in brightest green, rising o'er the
 sea ;

I gazed through the open bodice of Spring, and saw
her bosom

 Swelling with rich nutrition and pouring
Earth's milk in streams prolific over hedges, meads,
and orchards,

 Leaving its perfumed cream on the haw-
 thorn ;

I saw the pink tint of her healthy cheeks on the
fresh heath beds

 Where she had rested all through the
 winter ;

I saw the impress of her rosy lips on the banks and
slopes

 Where she had kissed the tears from the
 flowerets ;

I saw rich threads of her' golden hair on the wild
broom and furze—

 Her yellow ringlets on the wattle-trees ;

I saw her invested with her sacred robes, standing
erect

 On topmost step of the highest altar ;

I watched her swinging her golden censers to the
azure dome,

 And as the fragrant incense mounted high
The mighty organ, worked by Ocean-sprites, boomed
grand and solemn

Through the lofty Temple, and Nature's
choir
Of birds and insects, brooks and zephyrs, burst forth
in melody,
And praised the Omnipresent God in
song:—

“Spirit of Omnipotence,
Mystic Soul of every sense,
Truth sublime and Love intense,
Nature smiles before Thee ;
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
All the Seasons to Thee bring
Tribute ; Lord of everything,
Father, we adore Thee.

“Centre of Eternal Light,
Nature's forces all unite
Praising Thee, the Infinite,—
Nothing shall ignore Thee.
Take, Oh ! Power that gave us birth,
All our music and our mirth,
All the sweetness of the earth—
Father, we adore Thee.

“Framer of Creation's laws,
Source of all that is, and was,
And shall be—Omnipresent Cause,
There is no King o'er Thee.
Thou art still the First and Last ;
Thou art Future, Present, Past,
Builder of this Temple vast,—
Father, we adore Thee.”

Sabbath bells are tolling, tolling :

“Come and worship, come and pray.”

Ocean's mighty voice is rolling

Solemn chants from far away ;

Rills and brooks and birds are singing

Nature's psalms and hymns and glees,

And the morning breeze is swinging

Censers on the orchard trees.

Little churches, little steeples,

Little souls and little hearts,

Little nations, little peoples,

Actors playing little parts ;

After all we're very little,

Very little after all.

In the Temple of Creation,

Brothers, we are very small.

In the Temple of Creation,

Soaring to the speckless dome,

Seek our souls their destination,

Dreaming of a future home ;

'Mongst the bright, the pure, the stainless,

In the realms of bliss and mirth,

Ah ! our spirits are not chainless,

They are fettered still to earth.

Little tricks and little treasons,

Little hates and little spite,

Little months and little seasons,

Little days and little nights ;

After all we're very little,

Very little after all.

In the Temple of Creation,

Brothers, we are very small.

Soul and mind, and sense and feeling,
 Watch, upon the mountain's brow,
Nature, in her prime, revealing
 All her vernal treasures now.
From his throne, old Sol, the gilder,
 Greets us with a warm caress ;
Worshipping the Temple's Builder,
 We can feel our nothingness.
 Little sorrows, little troubles,
 Little griefs and little joys,
 Little castles, little bubbles,
 Little towers and little toys ;
 After all we're very little,
 Very little after all.
In the Temple of Creation,
Brothers, we are very small.

AT VESPERS.

Above the Temple's shrines, and altars bold,
Night's silver lamp hung high with fullest face,
And shed refulgent showers of borrowed gold
O'er vale and forest ; and the russet hills
Looked at their shadows in the placid bay,
Upon whose breast rich beams of mellow light
Fell softly down, and merry wavelets danced
Upon the shafts that stretched themselves athwart
The tranquil food. The laughing ripples seemed
(Whilst shimm'ring in the glory of the moon)
Like breeze-stirred edges of a gilded tome ;
The brooklets, running down the deep ravines,

Sang merry carols with the playful reeds,
And zephyrs stirred the flax-leaves into tune ;
And up the gullies, from the cold white beach
That stretched along the borders of the sea,
The Ocean's organ with its deep-toned boom,
Called up the wand'ring spirits of the main ;
And all the breakers in their snowy robes—
White-surpliced choristers—in solemn chant
Burst forth into a chorus wild and grand,
In Nature's untranslated language old—
The tongue in which God spake ere Moses heard
His voice on Sinai's Mount—ere Abram's flocks
Were spread on Moreh's plain—ere Noah dwelt
Within the ark—ere Adam ate the fruit
Of good and evil—ere old Nature hid
Her secrets 'neath the deep Silurian seas—
The tongue in which the words, " Let there be light,"
Burst on the startled Universe, and swept
Ten thousand worlds across the boundless dome
Of God's majestic Temple, there to shine
Resplendent lamps for ever round His throne.

ORAKAU.

THREE hundred swarthy braves at Orakau,
Savage warriors from Uriwera,
And from the hills and gorges of Taupo,
Commanded by Rewi bold and fearless,
The haughtiest Chief in all Waikato,
Lay intrenched within the Pah, surrounded
By over two thousand hardy Britons :
Carey's Royal Celts and Forest Rangers,
And Fortieth Fighters under Leslie.
Upon the second morning of April,
When the colours in Nature's dress were changing
From the brown and russet hues of Autumn
To the dark and sadder shades of Winter,
Three hundred lion-hearted warriors
Assembled with Rewi to fan the flame
Of deadly hatred to the Pakeha
Into a vengeful blaze at Orakau.

Roaring for blood, our early gun
Rent the clouds like a thunder-clap ;
Carey cried, " There's work to be done "—
Close to the walls we pushed the sap.

" Ready, lads, with your hand-grenades ;
Ready, lads, with your rifles true ;
Ready, lads, with your trusty blades ;
Ready, lads, with your bayonets too."

"Now for the Armstrongs, let them roar;
Death unto those that laugh at peace—"
Into their nest our volleys pour—
"Steady there!—let the firing cease."

'Tis Cameron's voice—"Tell the foe
To leave the Pah; their lives we'll spare.
Tell them, Britons can mercy show;
Nothing but death awaits them there."

Mainwaring with a flag of truce before the Maories
stood,
And said, "Oh, friends, be warned in time; we do
not seek your blood.
Surrender, and your lives are safe." Then through
the whole redoubt
The swarthy rebels answered, with a fierce, defiant
shout,
"Ka Whawhai tonu! Akè! Akè! Akè!"¹

Again Mainwaring spake, "Oh, friends, you wish for
blood and strife,
With blind and stubborn bravery, preferring death to
life:
But send your women and your children forth; they
shall be free."
They answered back, "Our women brave will fight as
well as we:
Ka Whawhai tonu! Akè! Akè! Akè!"

¹ "We will fight for ever, and ever, and ever."

Again the fiery-throated cannon roared aloud for
blood,
Again the hungry eagle swooped and shrieked for
human food,
Again wild spirits, soaring, saw their shattered corpses
lie
In pools of gore, and still was heard the fierce, defiant
cry,
 "Ka Whawhai tonu ! Akè ! Akè ! Akè !"

With wild untutored chivalry the rebels scorn'd dis-
grace ;
Oh, never in the annals of the most heroic race
Was bravery recorded more noble or more high,
Than that displayed in Rewi's fierce defiance and
reply,
 "Ka Whawhai tonu ! Akè ! Akè ! Akè !"

MELBOURNE EXHIBITION, 1880.

CANTATA.

CHORUS.

SOUL of Music ! here to-day
Speak through trumpet chord, and voice.
Heart of euphony ! we pray,
Let thy pulse throb light and gay,
Teach us to rejoice, rejoice.
Loyal lays, songs of praise,
Joyous chants of hope and love,
Stirring strains, rich refrains,
Raise us to thy home above.
Oh, rejoice ! oh, rejoice !
Trump and cymbal, chord and voice,
Rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !

RECITATIVE (Tenor).

The fresh young spring-tide of a nation's hope
Flows out to-day, and mingles in the sea,
Of swift progression, whose unfettered scope
Moves ever onward, measureless and free ;
Britannia's life-streams round her daughter's heart
In swifter, stronger, purer currents run ;
Beloved by Nature, and enriched by Art,
Our land is kissed and fondled by the sun.

SOLO (Soprano).

Sunny slopes where vineyards flush,
Garden groves where roses blush,
Golden glades where wattle plumes
Spread and scatter sweet perfumes,
Vale and dell where zephyrs play,
Wake your tuneful choirs to-day ;
Let your melodies increase,
Swelling in our song of peace.

SOLO (Contralto).

From the hills where morning's glow
Blushes o'er the virgin snow,
Till the pure white flakes above
Melt in running lays of love ;
From the far-famed fields of gold,
From the mill, the farm, and fold,
Waves of harmony increase,
Swelling in our song of Peace.

RECITATIVE (Bass).

Sound, sound a welcome ! trump and drum ;
Behold the free flags wave and toss
Where all the leading nations come
To meet beneath our starry cross.

SOLO (Soprano).

O day of hope ! O day of pride !
Commerce leaps o'er the joyful tide ;
Peace flings her palace gates ajar.
Hail ! to the Nations from afar.

CHORUS.

Chiefs of the far lands, brave and true ;
Lords of the old world and the new—
Brothers ! we give our hands to you—
Welcome ! welcome ! welcome.

SOLO (Tenor).

Behold our work !—our domes and towers.
Years to you are to us but hours ;
'Tis but a day since our sundawn's gleam
Flash'd through the clouds of a long wild dream.

CHORUS.

Fifty years, and the shipless bay
Moan'd on the beach, and the savage lay
Here on the spot where we shout to-day :
Welcome ! welcome ! welcome !

SOLO (Bass).

Who wrought this change in fifty years ?
Who were the men—the pioneers ?
Who were they that dispelled the gloom ?
Who made the fruits and flowers to bloom ?

CHORUS.

Who, but the sons of those that fann'd
Freedom's flame in the brave old land ?
To-day we sing, by their command,
Welcome ! welcome ! welcome !

CHORALE.

God save our new land ! God bless our true
land !

Home of the brave hearts that love to be free ;
Guard her and guide her ; ever beside her,
Keep her, O Father ! still faithful to Thee !
Watch and defend her, teach her to render
Thanks unto Thee for the gifts at Thy hand.

Ours, Britain's story,

Ours, Britain's glory,

Ours be the watchword—our Queen and our
land.

God save our bold land ! God bless the old land !

Here, here to-day in this Temple of Art,
Dearer and dearer, nearer and nearer,
Cling we in love to our old Mother's heart.

Hers was the mission, ours the fruition,
Reapers and gleaners of glory we stand
Over the ages,

Sons of the sages,

Shouting : Hurrah for our Queen and our land !

TRIO (Soprano, Tenor, Bass).

Lord of love ! on Thee we lean—
Guard our country and our Queen.
Shed the glory of thy face
On this Home for every race.

CHORUS (FINALE).

Monarch of the spotless name,
Victoria ! Victoria !
Land of liberty and fame,
Victoria ! Victoria !
Father ! Father ! we implore,
Bless and guide them more and more,
Gracious Queen and golden shore—
Victoria ! Victoria !

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

My soul is silent now ; I cannot give
A living impulse to the thoughts that fill
My being with a plenitude of joy
Too deep for utterance.

Alone with God—
Or Nature, if you will—I stand and strive
To find expression for the love and praise
That rise within me, eager to be freed
From this poor clod that drags them downwards still.
'Tis evening, and fair Summer softly rests
On hill and valley, sprinkled with the tears
That, but an hour ago, have fallen from
A silver cloud that melted in a shower
Of pearly beads, when warmly kissed to life
By golden sunbeams ere they hid themselves
Beneath the gorgeous canopy that fades
In rainbow coruscations in the west.
Above the wooded slope that skirts the Leith
I stand, and gaze around, and wonder why
This earth of ours is called a “vale of tears.”
O, noble hills ! O, lovely vales and swards !
Robed in the richest foliage, and dressed
In all the pride of many-tinted green ;
O, singing stream ! O, flowers and blossoms rare !
That breathe your lives away in odours sweet,

And die in perfume when the summer wanes ;—
O, bright-wing'd and sweet-throated choristers !
Whose notes make all the leaflets in the woods
Dance on each sportive breeze in pure delight ;—
O, beauties that I cannot name, but feel !
My spirit at this moment fain would lose
Itself among you all, and be at one
With Nature, and with that mysterious Power
Whose presence is proclaimed with double force
At such a time in such a scene as this ;
Our Father, and our Mother, and our All !
We thank Thee for this lovely land of ours ;
We bow ourselves before Thee, yet we lift
Our highest aspirations up to Thee ;
We feel that Thou art Omnipresent here,
For all the ecstasies and pure delights
That spread themselves around are part of Thee ;
And those with souls athirst can come and quaff
The sweetness of such sacramental feasts
As this, and hold communion with their God.

Alone with Nature on the wooded hill
That skirts the lovely valley of the Leith ;
The voices of the brooklet and the rill,
That purl and babble through the glen beneath ;
The feather'd exiles warbling through the heath
Their old-world melodies ; the tui's trill ;
The mystic whisp'rings of the leaves that shake
With tremulous emotion to the breeze
That fans them into music on the trees ;
The mournful murmur of the waves which break

In silver flakes along the distant strand ;
And all the harmonies of sea and land
Blend in a glorious concert, and I stand
Entranced with joy—asleep, and yet awake.

A sighing sea gust from the ocean brought
Forgotten Christmas memories along ;
My list'ning spirit, wrapped in wonder, caught
The soft, sweet echo of a dear old song ;
And soaring skywards on the wings of thought,
It chased the wandering melody that sought
To find its own sweet biding place among
The sacred sounds that live where angels throng.

Music's heart, with wild pulsation,
Throbb'd among the trembling stars,
Shaking, with divine vibration,
Thunder-bolts and lightning bars ;
Op'ning up the azure portals,
Till the echo of my lay,
'Scaping with the bright Immortals,
Died in euphony away ;
Where converging melodies,
Silver notes from golden keys,
Melt, with songs of sighing seas,
In a flood of joy supreme.
Still the spirit of my dream,
Drunk with splendours pure and bright,
Dazzled with supernal light,
Strong in all its new existence,
'Franchised from its earthly clod,
Saw the glory in the distance ;

Onward soaring with the fire
Of a longing swift desire
To examine and inquire,
Why and who and what is God ?

“ And why and who and what art thou
That durst approach the High Unknown ?
Poor naked soul, be dumb and bow
Before the great eternal throne.
Be dumb and bow, for God transcends
The highest stretch of human thought ;
He orders all for noble ends ;
His works are all with wisdom fraught.
Enough for thee that thou hadst birth ;
Enough for thee He sent a Man
To purify and bless the earth—
That speck upon His wondrous plan ;—
Enough for thee, there lived and died,
To make men noble, true and free,
A thorn-crowned King in Galilee,
The living God personified,
The Champion who conquered hell.
Descend into thy coat of clay ;
Go back into thy carnal shell ;
Make merry on His Natal day—
This knowledge is enough for thee.”

The voice came from the awful height
Where time becomes eternity ;
My soul, though dazzled with the light,
Gazed boldly up, and cried, “ Ah ! why
Did God send Jesus down to die
A felon's death on Calvary ?

The sacrifice was made in vain,
For wrong still triumphs over right,
And pleasure still succumbs to pain,
And day is shadowed by the night,
And Sin, the tyrant, is not slain,
And Justice staggers in the fight.
Oh, Father ! come Thyself and reign.
Are we not ' precious in Thy sight ' ?
Sin, sorrow, suffering, greed and lust
Enthral Thy creatures. Oh, unbind
The parts of Thy Eternal Mind,
Called human souls, for Thou art just
And we are struggling through the dust
In search of Thee. Ah ! we are blind.
Yea, blind ; the wisest and the best.
The pioneers who boldly march
In front, ahead of all the rest,
With Reason's torch to light the arch,
Must halt and tremble in the race,
Amazed in wonderment and awe,
Yet bowing to Thy will and law,
Whilst weeping for the human race.
Ay, weeping as our Christ hath wept
Of yore in sad Gethsemane,
When Justice, Truth, and Reason slept,
And men refused to hear and see
The Word Incarnate, that should be
The Law below, the Light above,
The Talisman of angels—Love."

" Away, away," the voice replied,
" Thou art not worthy to be known

In our bright realms ; thy puny pride
Would make God live for Earth alone.
Enough for thee that Christ hath died,
Yet lives and moves, evolving still
The God-force that remains in man ;
He is and was, since time began,
The Good that triumphs over ill—
The Royal Keystone of the span
That bridges the Eternal Will.
His reign shall be made manifest
When words are fashion'd into deeds ;
And all your petty jarring creeds
Shall merge in 'one harmonious whole ;'
When each and every human soul
Has reached the standard of His test ;
When Justice shall assert its might,
And every wrong shall blend in right."

My dream was ended. And I stood
Alone among the white-tipp'd broom,
And down the vale the evening's gloom
Came floating on a dying flood
Of sunset glories, and the boom
Of ocean followed from afar
With music solemn, sad, and strange,
And night crept o'er the rugged range,
And mellow'd down each golden bar
Of blazing gorse that ribb'd the green ;
I turned and left the evening star
To sentinel the lovely scene.

SLEEPING ALONE.

SLEEPING alone in the wild, wild bush,
Where the wattles stoop,
And their ringlets droop,
When Spring glides in with her healthy flush,
Sleeping alone.

Sleeping alone in the quiet glade,
Where the timid sheep
From the red sun creep
To hang their heads in the leafy shade,
Sleeping alone.

Sleeping alone where the parrots fly,
To pipe their lays
On the sultry days—
When hot winds sweep o'er the mountains high,
Sleeping alone.

Sleeping alone where the Morepork's call
At night is heard
With echoes weird,
When Luna peeps through the gum-trees tall,
Sleeping alone.

Sleeping alone 'neath the unfenced mound,
No kindred bones
Nor mem'ry stones,
In Nature's lonely burying-ground,
Sleeping alone.

Sleeping alone where but few have trod,
Till the last bell tolls
And the unjudged souls
Bring up their clay to the throne of God,
Sleeping alone.

A WINTER LYRIC.

COME harp of mine
And let's entwine
A love-wreath round thy chords so light ;
The storm-sprites rave
O'er vault and grave,
The elements are drunk to-night ;
Behold the Lord's
Red flaming swords
Flash scabbardless across the clouds,
And from the deep
The sea-ghosts leap
Along the beach in snowy shrouds ;
Then sing with me
A song of glee,
My soul is filled with wildest mirth ;
'Tis just the time
To chant and chime
The praise of our old Mother Earth.

Faithful harp, I feel thy strings
Trembling as my fingers play,
And the wailing wind that sings
Through the crannies joins our lay ;

And methinks weird sprites on wings
Hover round the house, and say :
“ Death alone affection brings—
True love lives in clay to clay.”

Loving harp ! the truth is told,
Mother Earth is true and tried.
In her bosom's faithful fold
Slumber soundly, side by side,
Peer and peasant, young and old,
Slaves of poverty and pride.
Ah ! her heart is true as gold,
And her love is deep and wide.

Harp of mine ! again, again
Warm pulsations fondly stray
O'er thy chords—whilst wind and rain
'Gainst the windows sing and say :
“ Woman's heart is false and vain,
Lovers' vows are light as spray,
Faithless maid and foolish swain,
True love lives in clay to clay.”

Then sing with me,
Right merrily,
The praises of our Mother kind ;
Her heart is pure,
Her love is sure,
To all our faults and follies blind.

She gives us rest
Upon her breast,
And these poor mortal shells of ours
She purifies,
And we arise
To live again in buds and flowers.
Then sing with me
A song of glee,
My soul is filled with wildest mirth ;
'Tis just the time
To chant and chime
The praise of our old Mother Earth.

DE PROFUNDIS.

“Is it good unto Thee that Thou shouldest oppress, that Thou shouldest despise the work of Thine hands, and shine upon the counsel of the wicked?”—JOB x. 3.

WHY are Thy people crushed, O Lord ?
Why do Thy children moan ?
Thou art omnipotent, O Lord,
And they are Thine own, Thine own.
Ever and ever the millions cry :
“Father, we suffer, and know not why,
Born to struggle, and then to die,
Why is the seed thus sown ?”

Here on the earth to-day, O Lord,
Millions are slaves of pain ;
Sin and sorrow are here, O Lord,
And hunger, and serfdom's chain.
Ever and ever the millions say :
“Father, to Thee we kneel and pray,
’Twas ever thus, as ’tis to-day,
When shall we reap the grain ?”

Tyrants rule upon high, O Lord,
And knaves possess the land ;
Greedy robbers hold sway, O Lord ;
Why dost Thou stay Thine hand ?

Back on the shores that are far behind,
Trance of reason and sleep of mind
Dwarf Thy people ; they still are blind.
Father, they cannot stand.

We who are here on the heights, O Lord,
Free in Thy fuller light,
Wonder why nations are plunged, O Lord,
Down in oppression's night,
Back in the lands where Wrong is rife,
Back on the shores where war and strife
Are ever making a Hell of life.
Where is the reign of Right ?

Souls are sighing for peace, O Lord ;
Hearts are lifted to Thee ;
Wails for mercy to Thee, O Lord,
With many a plaint and plea,
Out of the depths and darkness go :
" Father, O Father, we nothing know ;
Open Thy children's eyes below,
As yet they cannot see."

PAX VOBISCUM.

IN a forest, far away,
One small creeklet, day by day,
Murmurs only this sad lay :
 “ Peace be with thee, Lilian.”

One old box-tree bends his head,
One broad wattle shades her bed,
One lone magpie mourns the dead :
 “ Peace be with thee, Lilian.”

Echoes come on every breeze,
Sighing through the ancient trees,
Whisp’ring in their melodies :
 “ Peace be with thee, Lilian.”

Mellow sunbeams, morn and eve,
Quick to come and slow to leave,
Kiss the quilt where daisies weave
 Rich designs o’er Lilian.

When the dying blossoms cling
To the skirts of parting Spring,
Wattle-boughs and branches fling
 Showers of gold o’er Lilian.

When the Summer moon mounts high,
Queen of all the speckless sky,
Shafts of silver softly lie
 O’er the grave of Lilian.

Mystic midnight voices melt
Through each leafy bower and belt,
Round the spot where friends have knelt—
 “Peace be with thee, Lilian.”

Far away from town and tower,
Sleeping in a leafy bower,
Withered lies the forest flower—
 “Peace be with thee, Lilian.”

There, where passions ne’er intrude,
There, where Nature has imbued
With her sweets the solitude,
 Rests the form of Lilian.

Dear old forest o’er the sea,
Home of Nature’s euphony,
Pour thy requiem psalmody
 O’er the grave of Lilian.

Guard that daisy-quilted sod :
Thou hast there no common clod ;
Keep her ashes safe ; for God
 Makes but few like Lilian.

Sceptics ask me : “Is that clay
In the forest far away
Part of her ?”—I only say :
 “Flow’rets breathe out Lilian ;

“From her grave their sweets mount high—
Love and beauty never die—
Sun and stars, earth, sea and sky
 All partake of Lilian.”

LEAH.

FREE at last from the gloom that clouded
Life and love in thy sinking day ;
Thy brow is veil'd, thy fair limbs shrouded,
Clay is married again to clay.

Free at last from the curse of beauty,
Free at last from the weeds that grow
Round the buds on the path of duty,
When genius walks ; 'tis better so —

Better so, when the world grows dreary ;
Better so, when young hopes have fled ;
Better so, when the heart grows weary —
Better living among the dead.

Living among the dead—I've said it—
Some may rot, and yet some shall rise
Out of the grave ; then who shall dread it ?
'Tis but the soulless clod that dies.

Strangers smoothèd thy raven tresses
Over thy marble brow, my girl ;
Closed thy lips with no fond caresses,
Closed them over the rows of pearl.

Strangers seal'd up those orbs whose flashes
Kindled often a quenchless spark ;
Seal'd them under their long dark lashes,
Cover'd thy face—and then all was dark.

“Earth to earth!” and the clay was scatter’d,
Scatter’d over thy peaceful breast ;
“Dust to dust!” and it little matter’d—
Only a woman had gone to rest.

What knew they of the passions tameless?
They but planted another clod ;
“Let her sleep, though she was not blameless,
Give her soul to her Father—God.

“He is merciful, good and gracious ;
He can raise up the weak and low ;
In the halls of His mansions spacious
Scarlet sins are made white as snow.”

Softly spoken the words, and kindly—
Freezing natures that have not known
Scorching rays can but measure blindly
Any heat that is not their own.

Night steals on, and the leaflets tremble
Up on the boughs of tall dark trees ;
Night steals on, and the ghosts assemble
Out on the skirts of sighing seas.

Night steals on, and the shadows hover
Round the couch of the dying day ;
Night steals on, and my song is over,
All its music has died away—

Died away on the waves that sever
Past from present, and shore from shore ;
Melting into the great “for ever”—
Gone to her who has gone before.

MEMORIA IN ETERNA.

STILL she lives in her picture there,
 Memoria in eterna ;
Lips so ruddy and brow so fair,
 Memoria in eterna ;
Cheeks with tint of the roses red,
Swan-like neck and majestic head,
Her spirit's there,—she is not dead,
 Memoria in eterna.

Violet eyes and golden hair,
 Memoria in eterna ;
Gazing still with her queenly air,
 Memoria in eterna ;
Into memory's soul she peers,
Lighting up all the vanished years,
Joys and sorrows and smiles and tears,
 Memoria in eterna.

Call ye the canvas lifeless?—No—
 Memoria in eterna ;
Her face is there with a deathless glow,
 Memoria in eterna ;
Glorious art, 'twas God that gave
The painter's palette and brush to save
Faces of fond ones from the grave,
 Memoria in eterna.

AMONG THE BUDS.

Oh ! leave the buds alone,
Baby,

Leave the buds alone ;
Each little flow'ret has a heart
As pure as is thine own.

That violet,
My pretty pet,
Hath borrowed from the skies
Its deepest blue,—
The same bright hue
That sparkles in thine eyes ;
And, just like thee,
In purity
And beauty it hath grown ;
Then leave the buds alone,
Baby,
Leave the buds alone.

Oh ! leave the buds alone ;
Baby,
Leave the buds alone ;
Those little blossoms are the gems
That stud the garden's zone.

From bell and cup
The sun-sprites sup
The nectar and the dew ;
Each morn they drink
From rose and pink
Sweet Nature's freshest " brew "
Of God's own brand ;—
Thy tiny hand
To playfulness is prone,
But do not break the cups,
Baby,
Leave the buds alone.

Oh ! leave the buds alone,
Baby,
Leave the buds alone ;
They are thy younger sisters, and,
Like thee, they have but known
The sweets of Spring,
When everything
Evolves God's purest breath ;
They have no fear
For Autumn's sere,
Nor Winter's tint of death ;
Affinity
Links them and thee
To heaven's eternal throne.
Ye are the stainless ones,
Baby,
Leave the buds alone.

THE WATERFALL.

NICHOL'S CREEK.

ALONG the wooded glen to where the creek
Brings down the mountain's music to the plains,
I come to hear a sermon and a song
From Nature's tuneful throat, which ever tells
God's living truths to mortals who have ears
To drink the sacred sounds.

Above my head
Umbrageous plants in wild luxuriance grow
On either side, and stretch across the gorge
To tie the hills in leafy knots of love.
Through foliage thick, of varied-tinted green,
Rich-feathered foresters, in wildest glee,
Chirp, trill, and twitter.

Ferns of every shade,
'Broider'd and scollop'd 'yond the power of art,
In tens of thousands deck the rocky walls
That hold the mountains back against the sky,
And give the fluent stream an open course
To bring its sweetness to the lands below.
And now, with admiration, I behold
A shower of molten silver falling down
An em'rald moss-clad precipice of rock,
That stands a buttress to the central steep
Where range links range in strong volcanic chain,
Forged in the olden times; and as I gaze

Up through the argent spray-mist and the leaves
My spirit listens to the cascade's song :

“ Falling, falling,
Streaming, teeming,
I am the child of the sun and the snow ;
Falling, falling,
Ocean is calling,
Rolling along to its bosom I go.

“ A white virgin up on the hill-tops was dreaming,
A golden-haired king saw the couch where she
lay ;

Her heart melted soon when his bright eye was
beaming ;

She gave me to him, but I've wandered away.

Gliding, hiding,
Springing, singing,
I am the child of the sun and the snow ;
Falling, falling,
Ocean is calling,
Rolling along to its bosom I go.

“ I am the offspring of brightness and purity,
Of chastity cold, and of passionate love ;
Whirling along to the depths of futurity,
And bearing God's messages down from above.

Glancing, dancing,
Sweeping, leaping,
I am the child of the sun and the snow ;
Falling, falling,
Ocean is calling,
Rolling along to its bosom I go.

REQUIESCAT.

AUGUST 1ST, 1880.

THE city nestles by the bay,
Reposing in her Sabbath sleep ;
The people dream of God, and pray,
For 'tis the Spirit's special day,
And peace lies over land and deep.

The hills are flushing, fresh and bright,
Beneath the sun of early spring,
The green turns yellow, pink, and white,
And through the ferns, with new delight,
The birds and brooklets gaily sing.

The silent, glassy sheet below
Shows every hill its face and form,
And ocean, with its skirts of snow,
Steals up the beach, and murmurs low
A dream-song of the sleeping storm.

Edina of the South ! I stand,
Entranced by harmonies that melt
In euphony sublime and grand,
And watch the sweep of sea and land
That girds thee in a lovely belt.

And as I gaze o'er land and sea
My thoughts swell through the wide expanse ;
I map a future out for thee,
Fair city, and thy great "To be"
Lives in a swift prophetic glance.

I see the stately vessels ride
At anchor on the placid sheet
Of land-locked waves ; from far and wide
They bring across Pacific's tide
The wealth of nations to thy feet.

Enriched with all the pride of Art
I see thee in thy future dress ;
I hear from mansion and from mart
The cheerful hum of progress start,
As onward still thy children press.

Again, I see thee in the hush
Of Sabbath calm, and hear the swell
Of Nature's psalms through tree and bush,
From tui, blackbird, finch and thrush,
And brooklet rippling down the dell.

Thy glory is not yet, but still
The seed of greatness here is sown ;
Thy beauties all my senses fill
To rich repletion ; on this hill
I feel a king upon his throne.

O, tranquil calm ! exalting rest !
The storm in season due shall rave,
But yet 'tis wise to make the best
Of sunbeams while they last ; we're blest
While peace keeps watch o'er passion's grave.

On days, like this, when buds have birth,
Our souls instinctively arise
From all the petty cares of earth,
And on the airy wings of mirth
Soar Godward through the sapphire skies.

AT SUNSET.

OUT on the beach when night was creeping—
Robed in shadows—across the dome,
We watched the waves as, shoreward leaping,
They fringed the sands with streaks of foam.

Ocean's heart, with its ceaseless throbbing,
Beat 'gainst billows that rose and fell ;
Sometimes singing, and sometimes sobbing,
Sea-ghosts came on each foamy swell.

I stood dreaming of some old story,
Picturing forms on each white crest,
'Tranced in thought, till a flash of glory
Limn'd the skirts of the distant west.

“Look !” you cried, and we gazed, in wonder,
Over the deep where sea and sky
Met and kissed, as the sun danced under
Beams of gold in the archway high.

Oh ! the splendour that tipp'd the mountains ;
Oh ! the beauty that rimm'd the lea ;
Streams of brilliants, from rainbow fountains,
Sparkling fell on the purple sea.

Calmness stole o'er the deep, and lowly
Whispers floated upon the breeze :
“Hail to Thee, Holy, holy, holy !
Painter of shores and skies and seas !”

Not by us were the pure words spoken ;
Not by us were the pure words said ;
We were mute till the spell was broken ;
We but gazed at the Heaven ahead.

Gazed, and worshipped, and prayed, and wondered
If that glory would gild the way
When life's sun sets, and friends are sunder'd,
And spirits 'scape from their shells of clay

LONGFELLOW.

THE minstrel's voice is songless now,
Death's stamp is on that honour'd brow ;
No dirge for him, no sigh nor tear :
We'll shout above the poet's bier—
Excelsior !

He swept his harp-strings clear and strong
Till trees became alive with song,
And every trembling leaflet stirred
To music at his magic word—
Excelsior !

He touched a chord, and on the scene
Appeared the fair Evangeline
In Norman cap and girtle blue,
Acadie's virgin pure and true—
Excelsior !

He peopled Strasburg's lofty spire
With spirits from the realms of fire,
Then put a soul in every bell
To triumph o'er the powers of hell—
Excelsior !

Across the harp his fingers ran,
And Plymouth's martial Puritan
Stepp'd into life, and madly strove
With Alden in the game of love—
Excelsior !

He struck out, as he passed along,
From sledge and anvil sparks of song,
Until the forge 'neath chestnut-tree
Was filled with manly minstrelsy—
Excelsior !

He gathered from the Northland plains
Old echoes wild of Indian strains ;
He beautified the songs of yore,
Then gave them to the woods once more—
Excelsior !

He gave new music to each rill,
He clothed the prairie and the hill
With rich romance ; each forest pine
Shook with new melody divine—
Excelsior !


A grand old bard, with spotless page,
An honour to his land and age,
Full ripe for Heav'n, has passed away ;
And Nature sings above his clay—
Excelsior !

THE OTHER SIDE.

As we watch the deep grey shadows
Stealing upwards from the west,
When the flow'rets in the meadows
Lock their pearls and go to rest,
Soaring far beyond the real,
Oft we view on fancy's tide
Phantom crews, in boats ideal,
Sailing from the other side.

When the midnight gusts are sighing—
Sighing through the saplings tall,
Tapers dim, and embers dying,
Paint weird shadows on the wall,
Treasured forms start up before us,
Softly through the room they glide,
And we hear, in loving chorus,
Voices from the other side.

Who shall say, in vile derision,
"There is nought but clod to clod?"
Slavelings of a stunted vision,
Ye cannot discover God.
Fenced within your narrow hedges,
Truth ye have not yet descried—
Ye have no immortal pledges
Coming from the other side



NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Not understood. We move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years ; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life ? and then we fall asleep,
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions ;
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die,
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge ;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age,
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded ; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbours, and they often go,
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us !
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight ;
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy ! Ah ! day by day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking !
How many noble spirits pass away
Not understood!

Oh, God ! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see ;
Oh, God ! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another, they'd be nearer Thee,
Not understood.

GOOD NIGHT TO BABY.

WHERE is Babe, to-night ? I miss her —
Where is little Bright Eyes ? bless her !
Bend above her cot and kiss her,
Say "good night" to Baby.

Say "good night," though she be sleeping,
List'ning cherubs will be peeping
Through God's windows, fondly keeping
Loving watch o'er Baby.

They will catch the words with pleasure,
Floating downwards through the azure ;
They will cluster round your treasure,
Whisp'ring them to Baby.

They will tell her many a story
Of their Golden City's glory—
Wiser than her grandsire hoary,
Happy little Baby !

Purer sight to her is given,
All the star-nail'd gates are riven,
Opening up a view of heaven
In her dreams to Baby.

AWAY WITH REGRET.

To W. E.

AWAY with regret ! though some words lightly spoken
Were echoes of hopes which we cannot recall ;
The lily will bloom, though a petal be broken ;
The rose does not droop, though a leaflet may fall ;
The sun that illumined love's dreamings ideal,
At eve, 'neath a shroud of despair may have set,
But morning will bring him in majesty real,
To melt with his rays all the clouds of regret.

Away with regret, and away with dejection !
Though withered are some of the young buds of
love,
Bright flow'rets of far more enduring affection
Will blossom when Spring brings new notes to the
dove ;
The seedlings we cast on a cold soil may perish ;
We lose them, but still it is foolish to fret.
The next time we sow, let fertility cherish
The hearts-ease we prize—then away with regret !

Away with regret ! when the heart lies in fallow,
'Tis but a coarse weed that spreads over the
ground ;
It only takes root where the surface is shallow,
And dies when the summer of love comes around.
'Tis vain to look back, for the past we can't alter ;
The future remains in our own keeping yet ;
Hope's goal is before us, and why should we falter ?
We're marching to God—then away with regret !

GEORGE ELIOT.

ANOTHER leader lost ! Thus speaks the wire—

The wire that whispers softly 'neath the wave.
Another teacher gone ; the golden lyre,
Whose every string was fraught with sacred fire,
Lies silent now beside a new-made grave.

Another leader lost ! The message sped

From England's chalky cliffs to every shore
Where mind is fetterless, and men have read
The bright and tuneful thoughts of her who led
The league of light, of letters, and of lore.

Another leader lost ! The magic hand

That shaped the offspring of the quick'ning brain
Is pulseless now, and all the perfect band
Of her sublime creations mourning stand
Around the tomb—she's gone, but they remain.

Another leader lost ! The wealth of mind

And affluence of genius that illumined
Our later times have left their source behind ;
The strongest, yet the sweetest, of her kind
Is but a name—the rest has been entombed.

Another leader lost ! Trust not the cry ;

The whisp'ring wire can tell us no such tale ;
It speaks but of the casket,—let it lie,
That which it held within can never die,
For Truth is clothèd in eternal mail.

MRS. GEORGE DARRELL.

“AT once, good-night.” Oh ! how the old time
gleams

Bright through the vista of the vanished years ;
Again I wander among fading dreams—
Proud Cawdor’s wife dismisses Scotland’s peers.

“ Mine eyes grow dim, farewell ! ” Sweet Queen,
good-bye !

A nobler seat is thine than Harry’s throne ;
Our greatest Wolsey is with thee on high,
Poor Brooke is there, and thou art not alone.

“ Farewell ! God knows when we shall meet again.”

Ay, Juliet, God knows when we shall meet.
God knows ! God knows ! ’tis still the sad refrain
To which the human heart-throbs ever beat.

“ ’Tis but one cast away, and so—Come death.”

Not cast away, fair Rosalind, but blest
With richer garlands than Orlando’s wreath,
Among the groves of everlasting rest.

“ So speaking as I think, alas ! I die—”

Again we hear the plaudits—cheer on cheer ;
“ Bravo, Emilia ! ” is the shout and cry,
Whilst gentle eyes are filled with many a tear.

“Sweets to the sweet”—ay, strew the flow’rets o’er
Her royal mantle ;—it has changed to green.
Hamlet, thy mother is, alas ! no more ;
’Tis not Ophelia sleeps, but Denmark’s Queen.

“Sir, grieve not you.” Nay, Portia, I but pay
The debt which I, and tens of thousands, owe
To Art and thee ; above thy sacred clay
I weave a garland for the long ago.

The brave old long ago, that free old time,
When manly hearts were often cheered by thee,
When Austral revelled in her golden prime,
And nursed Thalia and Melpomene.

Old forms arise—Brooke, Lambert, Rogers, Heir,
And others who have answered to the Call ;
They’re at the Treasury—thou’rt with them there ;
Turn down the footlights—let the curtain fall.

KAITANGATA.

On the 21st of February, 1879, a colliery explosion took place at the Kaitangata Mines, by which thirty lives were sacrificed.

THE touch of God is on the chord which runs
Through all humanity, from heart to heart ;
The Hand Divine, that holds the stars and suns,
Strikes on love's string, and inner voices start,
Proclaiming we are each of each a part.

The Priest of Nature may expound this truth :
Afflictions are but solemn lessons read
To mortals ; Science still is in her youth—
The living gain their knowledge through the dead ;
All human suff'ring points the road ahead.

It may be so ; anon we'll learn that text,
But now the widows' and the orphans' eyes
Are following from this life to the next
Loved spirits torn away from dearest ties,
And God to us is speaking through their cries.

He calls on us to succour those in need ;
We're bound together in a common bond.
Faith's purest action is a noble deed ;
Hope's truest anchor is a helping hand ;
Love is the key that opes the doors beyond.

A few short days ago, and those who rest
Held this poor lease of earth which now we hold ;
The pulse of life beat strongly in each breast—
Ah ! 'tis the same old story often told,
We know not when the spark may leave the mould.

Oh ! brothers, there are weary hearts to-day,
And cheerless homes, where sorrow sits in gloom;
And lonely weeping ones, who can but pray,
“Thy will be done,” whilst bowing to their doom,
And longing for the meeting 'yond the tomb.

Not ours to change the mystic second-birth,
Not ours to bring the loved ones back again,
But ours to do our duty upon earth,
By succouring the mourners who remain ;
To them we're linked in sympathetic chain.

To-day Humanity's resistless breath
Sweeps through the credal barriers, and brings
Us all together to the Church of Death—
The common fold of toilers and of kings ;
And Charity broods o'er with outstretched wings.

To-day the pure Christ-Spirit from above
With warm vibration thrills through every soul ;
To-day we owe a sacred debt to Love ;
To-day our Father claims a special toll
At gates which lead to Hope's eternal goal.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

THREE half-score years ago,—no more,—
Since Godley stood upon the shore,
A leader of the Pilgrims bold,
Who framed the New upon the Old,
And stamp'd the Old upon the New,
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue. '

Three half-score years—and can this be ?
'Tis but a ripple on the sea
Of Time ;—Oh ! what a wondrous change,
Since o'er the ridge of yonder range
Hope led the Pilgrims, firm and true,
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

They saw, from yonder mountain's brow,
Plains yearning for the spade and plough ;
And where the naked rivers ran,
Vales waiting to be dressed by man ;
Their help all Nature seemed to woo,
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

They gave the breeze that fann'd the foam
Sweet farewell sighs to carry Home ;—
But though old Albion was dear,
They saw a fairer England here
Awaiting them, the dauntless few,
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

Behold their work ! Revere their names !
Green pictures set in golden frames,
Around the City of the Stream,
Fulfil the Pilgrims' brightest dream ;
With them a fairer England grew
'Neath speckless skies of sunny blue.

ADDRESS.

*Spoken by the Author at the opening of the Dunedin
Exhibition, June 8th, 1881.*

THREE pictures are presented here to-day.
Behold the first : Wild terraces that reach
From silent hills to where the shipless bay
Is sadly sobbing 'gainst the lonely beach,
Like some young, restless maid, who sings and sighs
In solitude, neglected and alone,
With none to praise her beauty—none to prize
Her wasted charms—all lovely, yet unknown.
Bold headlands robed in russet and in green,
And sleeping woodlands stretching far and wide,
To where the distant mountains guard the scene—
Proud sentries standing up in Alpine pride
Above the virgin valleys, where the boom
Of Ocean floats and melts and dies away
In deep ravines where solitude and gloom
Weave misty ghosts that climb tall summits grey.
Oh, noble prospect ! rich romantic land,
Awake ! awake ! thou canst no longer sleep ;
Thy praise is heard afar ; a sturdy band
Of Scottish pilgrims cross the restless deep
To claim thee as their own. Look ! on the sea
Their snowy sails are dancing in the sun ;
They reach the shore—thank God, for them and thee,
The building of a nation has begun.

Another picture and another day—

A busy, bustling town, with straggling streets ;
Craft follows craft upon the cheerful bay,

And through the land the pulse of Progress beats ;
Revealed are all the secrets of the soil,

The golden tidings fly from shore to shore ;
Earth yields her treasures to the touch of Toil,

And tens of thousands seek the precious ore.
The New Edina, filled with fresher life,

Shakes off the calm that wrapped her in its fold.
Her fame is told afar—to Fortune's strife

Bold hearts are summon'd by the cry of "gold."
They come, they come, the rough but gen'rous throng,

Bearded and brown, from Austral's sunny coast ;
They come with gladsome shout and joyous song,

They come a stalwart, free-and-easy host ;
From every clime, of every race, are they,

Not faultless all, but in the main still true ;
No warmer hearts e'er dwelt in human clay

Than beat beneath those shirts of red and blue.
Otago never, never should forget

The men who gave to her the golden years
That spurred her on ; we all still owe a debt


To those brave hearts—the Golden Pioneers.

And now the grandest picture of the three

Presents itself—a queen, by Nature crowned,
Sits here enthroned in wealth. When from the sea

The pilgrim pioneers first gazed around
The bold wild coast, they little dreamed that there
On that lone shore a city should arise

In thirty years ; that palaces should rear
Their heads as monuments of enterprise.
They little dreamed that Commerce should unfold
Her richest stores ; that Industry should pour
Her choicest blessings, and that Art should mould
Majestic piles along that silent shore.
They little dreamed that three-and-thirty years
Could show such triumphs of the mind and hand
As we behold to-day. Among her peers
Our own Dunedin takes a foremost stand.
To-day she glories in her craftsmen's skill ;
To-day she spreads her treasures in this mart ;
Her grand achievements of the human will ;
Her rare results of science and of art ;
Her emulative trophies of design ;
Her vict'ries of the clear inventive brain ;
She spreads to-day the wealth of mill and mine ;
The fruitage of the valley and the plain
Are garner'd and displayed ; Progression's voice
Swells seaward, singing our Dunedin's fame ;
And all Zealandia's sea-girt shores rejoice,
And echo back the chorus of acclaim.
Oh, magic transformation ! wondrous change !
Oh, graceful City by the placid bay !
Thought sweeps along advancement's highest range,
And finds no brighter vantage-ground to-day
Than this fair scene. Oh, may the Power that
sways
The suns and stars—the Power which makes for
right—
Bless this fair land of ours, and shed the rays
Of truth and justice from the fount of light !



May Peace proclaim her triumphs year by year,
 With heart and hand, with voice, with brain, with
 pen ;
May Plenty find a home for ever here ;
 May unity prevail ! Amen. Amen.

ADDRESS.

*Spoken by the Author at an Entertainment given at
the Princess Theatre, Dunedin, on November 12th,
1881, in aid of the persecuted Jews in Russia.*

“WHY standest Thou afar? Why hidest Thou
Thyself in times of trouble?” Such the cry
That from the Royal Psalmist rose; and now
A sadder wail ascends to God on high:
“Give ear, O Shepherd!” Israel is oppressed;
“The wicked in his pride doth persecute.”
Jehovah, hear Thy children! give them rest.
They are Thine own, and Thou art absolute.
And is that prayer unheeded or unheard?
Nay, God responds and speaks through human
hearts,
Till warm emotions into life are stirred,
And all man’s higher, purer nature starts
In vital sympathy with those who plead
For justice and assistance in distress;
And we are here to help them in their need,
To send them speedy succour and redress.
And who are they that cry aloud for aid?
Are they a remnant of some savage race
Whose petty annals live a day, then fade
From time’s great record, leaving not a trace

Of fame or glory, honour or renown,
For bards to chronicle and sing of? Nay!
The men who cry for help have carried down
The lamp of knowledge from the gates of day;
They are the scions of a race that stood
As giants on the earth ere Rome was known;
A race whose annals bridge the mighty Flood;
A race whose first great King was God alone;
A race that flourished ere the Grecian sage
Marshall'd his heroes on the Trojan plain;
A race whose glories fill each glowing page
Of that old Book which tells us of the reign
Of great Jehovah; that old Book which cheers
The vanguard of the world to-day, and brings
Bright dreams of joy to peasants and to peers;
The Book in which the proudest of the kings
Pours out his pearls of wisdom, pure and fair;
The Book in which the Royal Minstrel's lays
Are treasured still; the Book whose teachings rare
Have guided Israel through the thorny ways
Of dark oppression. Oh! what deathless fame
Is theirs!—the race of noble men who've sprung
From him—the Shepherd Patriarch, who came
To Moreh's Plains when this old Earth was young.
Our heroes are of yesterday, but they
Are linked in one grand chain to him who trod—
Midst fire and thunder—upon Mount Sinai,
And held communion there with Jacob's God.
Imperial Rome and philosophic Greece
Have fallen, nevermore to rise again;
No longer Persia holds of power a lease;
Yet Israel's ancient landmarks still remain.

Back, Slavic serfs ! fall back and hide for shame ;
The people ye pursue, with bigot spleen,
Are sons and daughters of a race whose name
Spread o'er the earth ere yet the savage scene
Sent forth its barb'rous tribes and mongrel hordes
To prowl along the Dnieper and the Don ;
Ere Slavic necks bowed down 'neath Norman swords,
Their fathers worshipped God in Lebanon.
Back, bigots, back ! 'tis freemen's voices ring
Across the ocean from this fair young land,
Where Jew and Gentile join, and closely cling
Fraternally in one united band.
To-night we meet to show, by loving deeds,
Our heartfelt sympathy with those who feel
Oppression's pangs, to min'ster to the needs
Of those who gave us Him whose common seal
Is Charity. For His dear sake alone
We have a debt of gratitude to pay
To those who gave us One whose priceless throne
Is centred in the hearts of men to-day.

ADDRESS.

*Spoken by the Author at the opening of the Oamaru
Theatre, March 16th, 1883.*

WELCOME, Thalia and Melpomene,
Unto this fair White City by the sea !
Behold ! Apollo here has found a shrine
Where his companions—all the Sacred Nine—
May revel in harmonious glee, and bring
Fresh draughts of joy from the Castalian Spring
To cheer poor mortals at the close of day.
Henceforth this temple owns the Muses' sway.
Thalia here with boundless fancy free
Shall conquer care and grief, and bring us glee ;
Melpomene shall tell her tragic tale
Till eyes are dimm'd with tears, and cheeks turn pale.
Terpsichore here shall rule the merry dance,
Euterpe's power all spirits shall entrance
With Lyric numbers—solemn, sweet or sad—
And joyous notes and chords that make men glad ;
All forces which have power to touch the heart
Shall consecrate this edifice to Art.
Oft-times the Muses, sailing on the wind,
Swept by—they here no halting-place could find.
And Mother Ocean, with reproachful song,
Murmured her solemn plaints the whole night long.
Ah ! well might Ocean wail ; in days of yore
She smiling listened by the Grecian shore

Unto the echoes of the Sacred Mount,
Which melted on her breast from many a fount ;
In days of old her far-off sunny seas
Were fann'd to music by the Thracian breeze ;
Ay, this old Ocean, whose eternal voice
Falls on the ear to-night and sings " Rejoice ! "
Sang lullabys beside the cradle where
The infant Drama breathed the classic air
Of fair young Greece, when Thespis on his stage
Depicted all the colours of his age,
And held " the mirror up " that man might trace
The virtues, vices, follies of his race ;
This same old Ocean, sweeping up yon strand,
Skirted the chalky cliffs of Britain's land,
And leapt with joy when Father Thames rolled down,
And told bright tales of Shakespeare's high renown.
Perchance it may be urged—" Pacific deep
Knows not the sounds of those wild waves that leap
'Gainst coasts afar ; she never heard the strain
Of sweet Euterpe,—'twas the classic main
That drank Olympian euphony, and felt
The wealth of Shakespeare on her bosom melt ;
This is an ocean of to-day." Not so !
The voice we hear to-night, long, long ago,
Was listened to by giants of our race,
Whose names are blazoned on our planet's face
In golden letters. Oceans, seas, and bays
May spread and wander wide by many ways,
But still one mighty pulse through every part
Throbs from the core of one eternal heart ;
Each land gives to the flood its own free breeze.
But one great voice is heard through all the seas.

This ocean which we hear along the beach
Has chains of memory that stretch and reach
Through all the ages far beyond the birth
Of him who first stood God-like on the earth ;
She chanted Nature's psalms ere Hebrew priest
Worshipp'd Jehovah in the golden East ;
Her swelling voice was musical and great
When men were few and lands were desolate ;
She saw imperial nations come and go
In ages past, like her own ebb and flow ;
She swallowed lands and cities in her time,
And gave to earth, instead, full many a clime
That slept within her womb.

With joy and pride
She saw this land emerging from the tide,
And when the sun first kissed yon hills, she smiled
And clasped with snowy arms her fairest child ;
Upon her heaving breast she proudly bore
Tall ships with freights of free men to this shore ;
She saw, around our coast, young cities spring ;
She saw, with joy, the distant nations bring
Their riches here ; she saw proud temples start
Where Mother Nature clasped her daughter Art ;
She saw the spreading plains flush deep with corn
That shook its golden tassels to the morn.
Upon this beach she mourn'd awhile, 'tis true,
When Art was homeless here in Oamaru.
That time is past ; she leaps with joy to find
This noble triumph of the hand and mind
Erected here in honour of the Nine
Who sang of yore upon the Hill Divine.

THE TIMARU WRECKS.

[An address delivered by the author in the Theatre Royal, Wellington, on the occasion of a performance given for the benefit of the sufferers by the disaster at Timaru, in May, 1882.]

Who are Earth's heroes? Who are they that claim
A shrine immortal in their country's breast,
A niche within the citadel of fame,
Or, higher still, a home among the blest?
One answers: "They are those who in the fight
Win heav'n's approval and the world's applause;
The men who die for justice and for right—
The men who bleed for freedom's holy cause."
Another answers: "Heroes lead the van
Of Peace and Progress in the march of mind,
And spread God's treasures at the feet of man,
And shed the rays of knowledge o'er their kind."
Ay, these and those are heroes, true and brave,
Whose deeds and words are treasured fond and
fast—
Whose memories are untarnished by the grave;
Heroes who build the future on the past,
And raise a stately edifice above
The Gulf of Ages, filled with blood and tears,
A human temple round whose shrine of love
All men shall gather in the coming years.
But there are other heroes on the earth—
Heroes who often sow, but seldom reap

The seed of glory till the Second Birth ;
Heroes who often sink and fall asleep
In duty's arms, unnoticed and unknown—
Heroes who for their fellows nobly die,
Heroes whose dirge is ocean's solemn moan,
Mingled with orphan's sob and widow's sigh.
Such are the heroes whom we honour here,
Men who have passed on to the light beyond,
And those they held in life most true and dear
Appeal to us for aid—shall we respond?
What were their deeds? We open up the scene—
Behold a spreading city by the sea,
Belted by sunny slopes and plains of green,
And skirted by the foam of breakers free,
That leap and dance for joy along the shore,
Racing like white-haired children on the sand,
Babbling their mother ocean's mystic lore,
Whispering her secrets to the silent land.
A Sabbath calm is resting o'er the place,
And souls are soaring upward from their clay ;
Celestial smiles gild Nature's tranquil face,
And Thought flies far above life's little day.
Out on the sleeping waves tall vessels ride
At anchor : all is calm. Ah ! will it last?
“ Look yonder, look ! here comes a storm-spent tide ;
The murmuring fury of the distant blast
Sweeps in upon us. God ! we're lost, we're lost !
The boats ! the boats ! Now pull for land and
life ! ”
They're off ! they're safe ! they land ! though billows
tossed,
And breakers dashed around them in the strife.

But lo! along the shore the cry is raised,
 "Man, man the life-boat!"—and a willing band
Rush forward at the call. The crowd, amazed,
 Behold the gallant fellows leave the land,
And plunge through seething surf and furious foam.
 "Hurrah! hurrah! God speed ye, gallant
 hearts!"
Ah! well might they exclaim, "God speed ye
 home!"
God took them home: the tear of pity starts,
But not for those who went, but those who weep
 For husbands vanished and for fathers gone;
Be ours the task to honour them that sleep,
 By helping those they loved, now left alone;
Be ours the task—nay, friends, 'tis not a task,
 It is a debt of duty we've to pay;
God speaks to us when babes and widows ask;
 We hear His voice in theirs, and we obey.

THE NIGHT OF THE BANQUET.

IN MEMORIAM JAMES SEATON, M.H.R.¹

THIS is the evening of the feast,
And yet the banquet-hall is dim ;
None wait the coming of the guest,
No friends are here to welcome him.

No glowing goblets meet the eye,
No sparkling vintage passes round,
No glass is lifted up on high,
No song is heard nor merry sound.

No music save the solemn boom
That swells and falls along the strand
Where breakers wild leap through the gloom,
Like white ghosts dancing on the sand.

Let darkness reign around the hall,
Let silence rest above the board ;
The guest has had a sudden call
Unto the Palace of the Lord.

¹ Mr. James Seaton, M.H.R. for the Peninsula, was thrown from his buggy and killed a couple of days previous to a proposed banquet, which was to be tendered him by his constituents. He was buried on the 21st of November, 1882, the day upon which the feast was to have taken place.

And who can stay to feast on earth,
When Death—the messenger of God—
Gives to the soul a second birth,
And takes the spark from out the clod?

To-day I watched the nodding plume,
To-day I walked behind a bier,
And stood beside a gaping tomb—
To-day I saw thee disappear.

To-day they laid thee on the slope
That smiles between the sun and sea,
And as they spoke the words of hope,
I felt, old friend, that thou wert free.

SIX SONNETS.

THE BIRD AND THE IDOL.

A SIMPLE lark--this is a fable new—
That perched each morn upon a golden ray,
Up where the lashes of the eye of day
Sweep all night's lesser jewels out of view ;
Beheld a lovely idol's shrine, and flew
Down earthwards, to that form of painted clay,
And warbled there his sweetest, purest lay,
Thinking his song might it with life imbue.
He sang to it God's Royal Anthem—Love ;
At Eden's windows he had caught the strain—
His lay the soulless image could not move—
His melodies were warbled all in vain ;
He turned away and tried to soar above,
But never reached his morning perch again.

To ——— .

LIKE some grand planet looking from its height
Upon a duller orb, thy soul o'er mine
Shoots forth effulgent radiance divine,
And draws it up within its orbit bright.
Affection's sparks, touched by its rays, ignite,
And o'er the span of my existence shine,
My spirit, drinking all its light from thine,
Acknowledges itself thy satellite.

Oh ! let it bask for ever in those beams,
And quaff ethereal pleasure from that spring
Of ecstasy, until this life appears
A treasury of bliss, till each day brings
Fresh draughts of love ; and when we pass earth's
 years
Let soul clasp soul in everlasting dreams.

MORNING ABOVE DUNEDIN.

God's golden limner of our planet's days,
 O'er summer's surface spreads his morning sheen,
And on the trees a hundred tints of green
Are shimm'ring in the dazzle of his rays ;
Beneath the boughs each breeze-stirr'd shadow plays,
 And side by side gnarl'd forest ancients lean
 Their tassell'd heads together. Through the scene
A lonely mountain creeklet sings and strays.
Melodious trills from feather'd exiles' throats—
 Pure warblings of the Old Land and the New,
 Which silence all the tui's simpler notes—
Blend in a flood of euphony, that through
 The groves and bowers of clust'ring foliage floats
To chase the lark's sweet echoes in the blue.

THE FIRST MATCH.

Ay, 'tis the same wild flame ablaze to-day
Which flash'd athwart the pristine garden's night,
When angels dropp'd a spark of sacred light
From heav'n's eternal lamp. The same rich ray
Which, falling, blazon'd all the starry way,
And strung a golden chain of planets bright
Across the azure archway in its flight,
Then, reaching earth, illumed the living clay.
The same wild flame now permeates and glows
As fresh through this old world as when it burst
On Eden's fruit ; Ay, love's swift lightning goes
Through flesh and blood, as hotly as when first
The Prince of Darkness—*Lucifer*—arose
And struck the first bad *match*, but not the worst.

AMBITION, FAME, AND LOVE.

THE sun climbs up the mountain side at morn,
To ope the lily's breast with golden key,
The lark ascends with songs of wildest glee,
To cheer his feathered love, when day is born ;
And, like the sun, my lily I'd adorn,
I'd open up the heart that's dear to me !
And, like the lark, each song should be for thee !—
Ambition, of thy true affection shorn,

Holds out no prize to woo me up its height,
For, after all, what is this loveless fame?

A phantom bird that lures us in its flight
Unto the glimmer of a transient flame,

Then leaves us starless in the vacant night,
Among the hollow echoes of a name.

HENRY KENDALL.

FAIR Austral's eldest daughter veils her face,
And drapes her sunny splendours in the gloom,
Her first-born son of song, in manhood's bloom—
The sweetest singer of her brave young race—
Has joined the Dantesque shadows in the space
Beyond the sapphire arch, and o'er the tomb ;
He faded ere the wattle's golden plume
Perfumed the sylvan scenes he loved to trace.
He who had witch'd and charm'd the South'rn lute
Till strains mellifluous swept o'er the land
In floods of euphony ; whose soul could shoot
To Nature's heart, and pluck out, at command,
Her secrets and her mysteries, is mute,
The harp has fallen from the Minstrel's hand.

AFFINITY.

OUR souls are sisters ! I have felt a thrill
Of wildest joy rush through my every sense,
When from thy liquid orbs my soul did fill
Affection's cup, and quaffing it until
Intoxicated with its influence,
She offered at thy shrine, heart, mind, and will,
Consuming them with passion's fire intense.
All souls are kindred ! each a mystic spark,
Struck from life's anvil in the forge of God ;
Each sets aglow its own peculiar clod,
And finds a shelter in its mortal ark.
But some of these are fashioned in the dark,
Mis-shaped, unfinished in the gloom of night,
Whilst other frames are moulded in the light,
With nobler impress and with brighter mark,
The Maker seems unjust in our weak sight,
But He knows what is wrong and what is right.
Twin sparks, our spirits had together birth—
Yours tarried in the pure celestial way
For years, whilst mine descended to the earth,
And took upon itself its garb of clay ;
Since then, yours followed from the realms of mirth
To this strange world, and thus we meet to-day.
Thy soul took refuge in a lovely form,
My spirit found a rougher dwelling place,
But still they're *one*, impulsive, wayward, warm,

Rash, wild, and generous, speaking through the face
Their inmost thoughts, which, in life's mazy race,
Are leaflets blown about by passion's storm,
Not knowing where to rest in tranquil peace,
Pursuing a chimera. * * * Souls, be calm,
The by-and-by will bring a sure release ;
I know not what you are, nor what I am,
But in that by-and-by our doubts shall cease.

MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Up on the hill where beds are made
Narrow and deep with pick and spade ;
Up on the hill where death-flowers grow,
Over a grave a child bent low,
 Picking the weeds of a new-formed plot ;
Up on the hill on a Sabbath morn,
(Works of mercy that day adorn),
 Guardian spirits around the spot.

Under the sun the city basked,
 The sun that over the valley smiled,
"Why art thou here alone?" I asked—
 "Why art thou here alone, my child?"
Her bosom swelled with sorrow's throbs,
 Which burst the flood-gates of the heart ;
I watched the bright drops, born of sobs,
 Out from the wells of her sad eyes start.
"Why art thou here?" again I said,
"Weeping over this lonely bed?"
And this was the only reply she gave,
"Oh, sir, I am weeding my mother's grave."

I asked no more, but turned away
From girl, and stone, and mound of clay ;
I asked no more, for that sentence told
Of lonely hearts, and of strangers cold ;

And then I knelt in an old churchyard,
Where one grim elm-tree stood to guard
A daisy quilt and a crumbling stone,
And I was a child, alone, alone ;
And the wild wind moaned through the ruins old,
And the clouds were black and the world was cold,
And sadly I heard the weird gusts rave
Through the crumbling walls near my mother's grave.

Up on the hill, where beds are made
Narrow and deep with pick and spade ;
Up on the hill, where death-flowers grow,
Over a grave a child bent low,
 Picking the weeds off a new-formed plot ;
Up on the hill, on a Sabbath morn,
(Works of mercy that day adorn),
 Guardian spirits around the spot.

PASSING THROUGH THE GATE.

TEN years of sorrow and of glee
Have fled since first you met with me,
When mother asked you home to tea :
 You stayed until 'twas late, Jack ;
And when you wished us all " Good night,"
To show you out I brought the light ;
You caught my hand and pressed it tight
 Whilst passing through the gate, Jack.

You came again, and when we met,
You said I was your darling pet,
You praised my hair and eyes of jet,
 And called me " Pretty Kate," Jack ;
At your approach, though Snap was dumb,
The cute old 'possum on the gum
Laughed loudly when he saw me come
 To greet you at the gate, Jack.

A month had scarcely died away,
When on a bright-faced summer's day,
A coach and pair (the horses grey)—
 My heart retains the date, Jack—
Drove up the lane, and stopped before
The rose-bush hedge that faced our door,
And two light bosoms, brimming o'er
 With joy, passed through the gate, Jack.

And months of pleasure came and went,
And each new season brought content,

Three love-gifts unto us were sent ;
Our happiness was great, Jack.
A manly boy, reflecting you,
And Lilly, with her orbs of blue,
And Kate with eyes of hazel hue—
Oh, blessings on that gate, Jack.

But angels sometimes leave their home,
And o'er earth's lovely valleys roam
In search of buds to deck the dome
Above God's throne of state, Jack ;
They came into our garden fair,
And gathered up our flowerets rare ;
Then climbing up yon starry stair,
They brought them through the gate, Jack.

The withered stalks fell 'neath the sod,
And sorrow hung o'er our abode ;
Some said it was the "will of God,"
And others said 'twas "fate," Jack ;
And summer came, and spring went by,
The world seemed blank to you and I—
No merry laugh, nor childish cry
Was heard about the gate, Jack.

But peace to us has come again ;
We're linked to them with deathless chain.
Behind the sun, beyond the plain,
We know for us they wait, Jack ;
And when we've run this earthly race,
In heaven for us they'll keep a place,
Where soul to soul, and face to face,
They'll meet us at the gate, Jack.

LITTLE VIOLET.

SHE met me on the garden walk,
Her bright eyes filled with mirth and glee,
And listening to her prattling talk,
My childhood's days returned to me,
"And don't you know my name?" she said —
"Why, no," I answered, "we've not met
Before, my charming little maid;"
Then she replied, "I'm Violet."

"Indeed; well, that's a pretty name;"
I wandered back to sunnier hours,
And little Violet became
Far fairer than the other flowers
That grew around her where she stood —
Each pansy, pink, and mignonette
Smiled sweetly at their sister bud,
The tender little Violet.

I gazed into her pure bright eyes,
Where nestled childish innocence;
Then she, with look so very wise,
Took me into her confidence,
And told me all her griefs and joys,
How babies often scream and fret,
How brother robbed her of her toys,
And broke the dolls of Violet.

How cherries grow upon a tree,
How Grandpapa lived far away,
Where big ships swim across the sea,
And she was going there to stay.
Youth's blossom made my heart its bower,
But near it sprang the weed—regret ;
I plucked the weed and kept the flower,
And called it—Mem'ry's Violet.

There's rapture in the blithesome time
When love inhales young passion's breath—
The poet's is a joy sublime,
The Christian's happiness is—death.
But in pure childhood's thoughtless bliss,
A taste of Heaven and earth we get—
More of the other life than this,
Earth's angels are like Violets.

THE BROOKLET IN THE GLEN.

Its mellow song
The whole night long
Is borne around the tranquil vale,
And through the day
In cheerful lay,
It chants a never-ending tale,
The hist'ry of its life and birth,
The secrets of the valley, when
From the effusive pores of earth,
God called it down the glen.

The tui's trill,
Upon the hill,
Is answered by a thousand notes,
Till one grand swell
From nook and dell
Upon the morning æther floats ;
But in a voice subdued and low,
Which tells of things beyond our ken,
The brooklet's gentle accents flow,
Meandering down the glen.

And as it flows
It larger grows,
Until it merges in the sea ;

And thus the boy
From childish joy
Runs into man's anxiety ;
The fairy towers we loved to raise,
Are swallowed in life's whirlpool then—
There's food for thought in all thy lays,
Sweet brooklet in the glen.

A PAPER FROM HOME.

ALONE with his dog, when the night-veil was falling,
A digger sat dreaming of times that were fled.
For mem'ry was painting old scenes, and recalling
Dear faces and forms from the realms of the dead.
His fancy renewed the old pictures long faded,
The sheet in his hand seemed a leaf from life's
tome,
Its paragraphs bright, and its articles shaded—
He smiled and he sighed o'er that paper from
home.

A light-hearted boy, he embraced the old people—
He rushed from the school with his mates to the
green :
He climbed up the ivy that wrapp'd the church
steeple
Which stood on the hill to watch over the scene.
He blew from his childish pipe fanciful bubbles ;
He floated his reed on the rivulet's foam ;
The mountain of hope hid the ocean of troubles,
And fairies danced over that paper from home.

He sat in the dell where the lilac was swinging ;
The thrush and the blackbird were warbling above ;

A raven-haired girl to his bosom was clinging ;
Their eyes exchanged draughts from the fountains
of love—

Ah ! where is the fond one who used to adore him ?
A black cloud crept o'er the ethereal dome,
A crystal pearl dropped on the journal before him,
And down on the ground fell the paper from
home.

BUSH CHILDREN.

EYES of hazel and of blue,
Raven locks and golden tresses,
Lips of rosy-tinted hue
Pouting for the fond caresses,
Laughter filling hearts with joy,
As the merry moments whirl,
Father loves his manly boy,
Mother dotes upon her girl.

Gambolling across the glade,
Sporting through the tea-tree mazes,
Resting 'neath the wattle's shade,
When the summer's red sun blazes ;
Fondling the dear pet lamb,
Patting Bob, the sleek old cole, y,
Teasing Bill, the aged ram,
Driving Redman, Sam, and Poley.

Seeking for the 'possum's nest,
In the wrinkled box-tree hollow ;
Breaking in upon his rest,
"Let him run, and Pinch will follow."
Hunting for the hidden sweets
Where the wild bush-bees are humming ;
Listening for the cheerful bleats
When the shepherd home is coming.

“ Willie, give the lads a call,
We must have a game at cricket ;
Jack and you can stop the ball,
I will stand to guard the wicket.”
Play your games, you merry crew,
Now's the time for recreation,
By-and-by there's work to do,
You have yet to build a nation.

OLD BENDIGO.

LET Poley go with Redman ; mind be careful of the
steer;
Bring Bob and Rambler from the creek, they'll find
good picking here.
Just fling this she-oak on the fire; there, catch that
end, now throw—
'This 'minds me of our maiden trip to dear old
Bendigo.

Old Bendigo ! the very name is treasured in my
breast—
Just pass the billy this way, Jack. Not boiled yet !
Well, I'm blest
If that there wood will ever burn ; this ironbark is
slow—
You knew the gully of that name on dear old
Bendigo.

Oh, when we camped upon the track—that damper
must be done—
Around the blazing log at night, what tough old yarns
were spun
By Sydney Ned, and Derwent Bill, and Murrumbidgee Joe !
Where are they now ? Ah, mate, they'll drive no
more to Bendigo.

I can't help laughing when I think—old mate, just
pass a chew—
Of that ere time when Murphy's team got bogged at
Carlsruhe.
Big Barney Fagan shouted—whilst the wheels were
bedding low—
“Faix, boys, there's some deep sinkin' on the road
to Bendigo.”

Mount Macedon is gazing down as proudly as of old,
And Alexander's lofty brow looks over fields of gold ;
They never shift ; but where are all the friends we
used to know
On Castlemaine and Forest Creek, and dear old
Bendigo ?

No other land has mustered such a kingly race of
men
As that brave golden legion on the march to fortune
then ;
The digger's shirt was freedom's badge : beneath it
honour's glow
Lit up a gen'rous, manly flame on dear old Bendigo.

Old mate of mine, together we have roughed it,
through the bush
For twenty years, and Time begins to lay his frosting
brush
Upon our heads ; but in our hearts the flowers of
friendship grow
As fresh as when we planted them on dear old
Bendigo.

I sigh whene'er I think upon—Jack, pass along the
grub—
The music of the puddling mill, the cradle, and the
tub ;
The hurdy-gurdies, German bands, and minstrels
too—why, blow
It, you've upset the tea—on dear old Bendigo.

The track of life is sometimes smooth, at other times
'tis rough ;
But we must take it as it comes—this beef is *rayther*
tough—
I feel a spider on my cheek—I've caught the var-
mint—no ;
Why, bless me! if it ain't a tear for dear old Bendigo.

,

SONG.

DREAM on, dream on, and build your magic towers,
Climb to Elysium, on the mellow beams
Which bind the heav'ns unto this orb of ours,
When threads of gold fall down in dazzling streams,
To tie the Sun to Earth with knots of flowers,
When nature's breast with vernal treasure teems.

Dream on, dream on, and build your castles airy,
Float with the seraphs upon floods of light—
Imagination is a witching fairy
Whom angels send with glimpses warm and bright
Of scenes to come, when this strange life shall vary,
And we shall see ourselves with fuller sight.

Dream on, dream on, in happy exaltation,
'Tis but the spirit rising o'er its clay
To scan the grander pictures of creation,
Hung in the light of never-ending day,
Where man receives his highest education,
Where love, and truth, and peace for ever stay.

ANNIHILATION.

It is not true ! Great Sire, it cannot be
That this bright ray of life we call the soul—
This quenchless flame of immortality,
Emblazoned on Thy grand eternal scroll—
Was kindled in its mortal lamp by Thee,
To find within the grave its final goal.

Oh ! bastard creed, conceived in vilest womb
Of meanest earth, how poor thou makest man :
A living atom, fattening for the tomb,
And struggling to its jaws as best he can,
Heir unto nothing but chaotic gloom,
The puppet of a dark, designless plan.

Cold, dismal science, hatched within a clod,
And nursed for blank futurity, in vain
Thy teachers, with their substitute for God,
Proclaim that wrong shall change to right again.
Why then are *we* the tillers of the sod ?
Why do *we* sow if others reap the grain ?

How shall the good to come repay the dead,
If mind or soul embodied, really dies
To live no more ? The suff'ring millions fled,
With all their sorrows and with all their cries
For justice, find no solace in the bed
Of dreamless death, from which they may not rise.

Were death the climax, then 'twere better fate
To browse the peaceful hills, a careless beast,
Or nestle with some tuneful feathered mate
In some green glade, nor look past Nature's feast
For happiness, nor dream of future state,
Than be their king—the greatest, yet the least.

Shall all our dreamings of a brighter day —
Shall all our longings for a purer light —
Shall all our aspirations end in clay?
Shall all our hopes be plunged in endless night,
And shall the soul be blind for ever? Nay!
Death cannot veil its strong celestial sight.

Annihilation ! philosophic lie !
Thou canst not rob us of our rightful claim
To share our Father's mansion up on high ;
God is a Spirit, and from Him we came,
His breath is in us, it can never die ;
Emancipation is death's better name.

NOT DEAD.

I GAZED upon the withered buds and said—
“Sweet little flow’rets, ye are precious yet,
The sun that kissed ye into life has set,
The fragrant perfume of your breath has fled.

“Pure relics of the sweetness of the earth,
Your blushing loveliness of yesterday
Has vanished, and your bloom has passed away,
The garden bee forgets your place of birth.

“Bright new-born sisters fill your cradles green,
And sip at morn your cups of pearly dew,
They grow to-day where yesterday ye grew,
And smile around as if ye ne’er had been.

“Why are ye precious, then, sweet flow’rets, why,
If those poor faded leaves alone remain
As dear mementoes of your transient reign?—
Because to me, sweet buds, ye cannot die!

“A gentle hand has made ye part of me,
For here below, our selfish spirits cull
All they can gather of the beautiful
To clothe themselves for immortality.”

THE SOUL'S TREASURY.

THE heartless miser, mean and cold,
May bow before his yellow god,
I covet not his fruitless gold,
I envy not the selfish clod ;
I've riches of a brighter stamp
Locked in my soul with sacred key,
And by the light of mem'ry's lamp
I view the wealth God gave to me.

Ah ! there I keep my jewels rare,
And luminous my treasures gleam :
My visionary towers are there,
Built up in many a happy dream ;
The kiss that sealed my infant prayer,
When first I made my childish plea
Unto our Father's throne, is there,
Among the wealth God gave to me.

Warm beams of love, and rays of truth,
And gleams of hope and sparks of thought,
And echoes of the songs of youth,
And music in the spring-time caught
From warblers wild, that waked the heart
To nature's purest minstrelsy :
Such blessed gifts are but a part
Of all the wealth God gave to me.

Among my riches I can trace
 Impressions of hearts leal and kind,
And negatives of many a face
 In lustrous tabernacle shrined ;
And there are flow'rets from the tombs
 Of vanished friends I may not see
Till God's eternal lamp illumines
 The precious wealth He gave to me.

•

But not to you nor me alone
 The past its soothing sweetness gives,
Each soul has coffers of its own
 Wherein man's better nature lives ;
Let worldlings hug their earthly gains,
 They come and go, they fade and flee,
Imagination still remains
 To guard the wealth God gave to me.

THE END.

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